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# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1894.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

SHALL we banish the fairy-tale from the nursery?

THIS was the question proposed for debate at a recent meeting of Sorosis, by the chairman of the Committee on Literature, Mrs. Carrie Stow Wait.

THE negative side was defended by Mrs. Alice Bartlett Stinson, who marshaled an imaginary procession of all the delightful little personages known to childhood by means of the fairy-tale before her hearers, and followed up the review with a strenuous plea for their preservation.

MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER undertook the unpopular task of showing why children's minds should not be nourished on the extravagances of nursery fiction, alleging that the practice was hurtful to morality, in that it confused the idea of truth, and, besides, induced in timid children a state of nervousness productive of great suffering.

THERE is weight in the arguments brought up on both sides. It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid that many children whose imagination has been fed on stories of ghouls, goblins and bogeys go through agonies of terror in wakeful hours of the night, recalling the blood-curdling tales repeated to them, perhaps just before bed-time, by an ill-advised nurse or parent. But surely it does not follow that because of the evil effects of an injudicious selection in the matter of fairy-tales on the minds of a limited number of juveniles, the whole delightful province of the unreal world should be ruthlessly swept away, and the enchantments of fairy-land henceforth tabooed to the boys and girls who own robust nerves and are blessed with discerning elders.

METHODS of training children must be judged by their results. As a general rule, the youngster who has run the entire gamut of excitements provided by "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland," and the "Arabian Nights," is found to be in a much more healthy condition, morally and mentally, than the one whose recreative reading has been strictly confined to the orthodox Sunday-school story-book, in which change after change is rung on the respective fates of bad little boys and good little boys.

SINCE fiction must enter in one form or another as an ingredient in the mental pabulum for infant minds, is it not more desirable that it should be of a kind to people the little brains with innocent and refined fancies like elves and fairies, than that it should be but a weak veneer for sermons on disobedience or untruthfulness calculated to make offending listeners sulky and the non-offending conceited? And, then, if you begin by abolishing the fairy-tale and training the young idea to shoot always in the direction of grim fact and prosy actualities, where is the iconoclasm to end? Mythology cannot be deemed a fit study for the youth or maiden

trained to a conception of truth so rigorous that it excludes even an idle dalliance with the imaginary records of imaginary deities. If the touchstone of reason and actuality is to be applied to every written page, then all the folk-lore, romances, and, in short, the poetry of the world, must be sternly confiscated.

BUT no, no; let us spare Titania and her charming little subjects, let us keep always with us the sprites and gnomes and pixies and mermaids, preserve the memory of the seven-league boots and miraculous bean-stalk, the wishing carpet and enchanted castles, the talking horses and bottled geni. What should we do without them? How dull and ugly the earth would seem despoiled of these graceful, quaint and grotesque creatures of fancy, who people the woods and streams and haunt the chambers of memory so that when the soul is heavy and the real world seems hard and cold their pleasing shapes start forth as if by magic at the sound of a word or the sight of a flower or tree or stone, and, with the gentle diversion of their quaint antics and pretty reveries, woo us to forgetfulness of common cares. All of which, condensed in a word, means: Long live the Fairies!

STILL, you know, can the fairy tales amuse some of the modern boys. "The boy, oh, where is he?" one finds one's self exclaiming on being confronted with some of the precious specimens of the modern genus *homo* in its units. I thought it was a pretty bad case of juvenile precocity and depravity that was reported to me by a philanthropic Southern lady during a recent visit to New York. Walking along the street one day she saw a small urchin of six or thereabouts contentedly puffing away at a cigarette. Being prompted to say a word in season, the lady stopped, and, kindly addressing the youthful offender, represented to him that he was doing himself grave injury, and that if he persevered in the vicious habit of smoking, he would never grow up to be a man. The imp listened with seeming deference until the homily was over, then calmly removing the weed from his lips and emitting a puff of smoke, he made answer, wearily: "It's none of your — business."

BUT a Paris newspaper, which I happened to glance over the other day, goes one better than this. It relates how a child of four years and three months was seen on a tram-car on the Madeleine-a-Courbevoie smoking a cigar. He was accompanied by his parents, who placidly informed the other occupants of the car that the child habitually smoked a cigar and three or four cigarettes every day. I suppose next we shall be hearing of the Emancipation of Children and the Downfall of Parental Authority.

SELOUS, the great lion hunter and elephant slaughterer, has been slain himself by Cupid. On the 6th inst. he was wedded to Miss Gladys Maddy, of Gloucester, England.

HIS HOLINESS the Pope, who was under Father Kneipp's treatment—water cure with a vengeance—rapidly failed, and was obliged to go back to common sense measures. The cable reported the other day that he was so weak that he fainted away. But the cable has had the same story often before, and always contradicted.

I WONDER if Russia has a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I hear that a rare breakfast delicacy, largely exported from that country to all parts of Europe, is obtained by the following inhuman method: Wild geese are caught alive, and put into hot ovens until death ends their torment. By this horrible process the livers of these poor birds are said to be converted into a rare delicacy. After being put through some further culinary process, the livers are put up and exported in large quantities under some fanciful French name. Probably the majority of those who enjoy the dish have little notion of the means taken to prepare it or they would, no doubt, cease to relish it.

ONE hears so many blood-curdling tales of the land of the Cossack that one of a more cheerful order comes as a relief. It appears that, during an engagement the bridegroom-elect is expected to send a present every day to his fiancée. At this rate long engagements must be profitable to the lady, though undoubtedly rather ruinous to the man. The value of the offerings made varies with the rank and wealth of the suitor. The Grand Duchess Xenia, eldest daughter of the Czar and Czarina, who is just now engaged to the Grand Duke Alexander receives from him daily some handsome gift in the shape of jewelry, art treasures, lace, or other things equally acceptable. 'Tis an excellent custom, and ought to be introduced into America. Will the Sons of Freedom be outdone in generosity by the bearded Russian?

THOSE who yearn for equestrian exercise and have not the wherewithal to keep a horse, may like to learn that an excellent substitute for horse-riding is provided by a new invention called the Hercules Horse-Action Saddle. It is mounted on a stand, and by means of small exertion on the part of the rider, the movements

induced are almost an exact imitation of the trotting or galloping of a horse. The apparatus can be placed in one's own apartment, and, when necessary, can be packed in an ordinary traveling box. The saddles are made in all sizes, and the action can be regulated from violent to gentle, so that women and children, and even invalids, can be suited.

THE good influence of woman on the hustings is not to be gainsaid after an affair that took place at an English political meeting a few weeks ago. Lord Dudley was attempting to make a speech, when the rowdy element of the audience, with shrieks and jeers, pushed their way on to the platform. Just when a violent outbreak seemed imminent a stout, middle-aged woman, dressed in an old gray shawl, black bonnet and brown dress, came to the rescue by interposing herself between Lord Dudley and his supporters and the rabble. She proved a veritable peace-maker, and was received with cheers. The meeting dispersed, thanks to her intervention, without any of the serious effects at first threatened.

A BRONTË SOCIETY has just been formed in England, with Lord Houghton—who is a Yorkshire man—for first president. A Brontë museum is to be formed, in which all available relics of the famous sisters of Haworth Parsonage will find a place. Many "end-of-the-century" women, who boast of emancipation in their ideas, would be surprised on reading over Charlotte Brontë's novels to find in their pages a forcible expression of the sentiments which are supposed to be new, in favor of women's independence and self-reliance. Yet the writer was a shy, retiring little woman, devoted to her family, and having a perfect horror of being noticed in public. There is much to learn for all women in the life and works of the Yorkshire heroine.

THE crowned heads are not all having an easy time of it. Leopold of Belgium, who limps, likes bicycling, and amuses himself occasionally in the royal park at Laken. The other day while circling over the nice roads, he took a header, and felt very badly after it. Kaiser Wilhelm, the *enfant terrible* among sovereigns, was disgusted on his junketting trip because he could find no better game than vultures. Still he has had a little fun disguising himself as a common sailor, and kissing the hands of some of his lady friends. The Prince of Wales seems always to have a good time wherever he goes. He was the life of yachtsmen at Nice lately, and made himself quite popular hobnobbing with all sorts. The one uncrowned king—sovereign of the press—has bought the *Vigilant*, and intends to contest for the best prizes everywhere. All sportsmen will welcome the winner of the first great ocean yacht-race back to the old-time tests of speed under sail. The Czar, they say, intends to visit both Humbert and Wilhelm at an early day.

BEYOND, far above the storm-cloud that lowers upon our house, is the vivifying sun by day and the placid, prophetic stars at night. Back of the tempest is a clear sky, untroubled, if we could but see it from the proper elevation. The winter that narrows the circle of human effort does not stay for long. Seed-time and the shaking off of short-day lethargy come soon enough to the contented—all too soon to the idler and the chronic grumbler. Why should the winter of our discontent be carried over? There is no reason for it, no reason in it, my dear sir, or madam—except that this is a mad world: not so mad as it used to be, but mad all the time, more or less. The United States portion of the New World is not as mad as some other quarters of the globe that might be instanced, and for that reason we are not likely to have the winter of discontent much longer.

THE past winter was not so cold, after all. It was hot for the wicked politicians of Gravesend; for the New Jersey race-track promoters; for sundry criminals in high places and in the private station; for political boss-rule generally. Not many poor people suffered with the cold, if we consider the unusually large number who had no means to buy food, clothing, shelter and fuel. The winter of 1893-4 will long be remembered as much for that phenomenal warmth of the hand of benevolence as for the unwonted coldness and idleness of so many willing hands of honest labor. Perhaps some of the once courageous strugglers in life's battle have lost their self-respect by the acceptance of help, but there is a good time coming. That help, by whomsoever given, can be paid back by helping an unfortunate fellow another day.

OUT from the cold apartments where cowering industry prayed that the need of help might be averted; from the murmuring groups of the half-employed who shared with one another—yes, even from the death-chamber, where parental love starved that infant helplessness might not be hungry—comes a cheering prophecy. The American people are destined to work out a noble destiny, and are capable of righting their wrongs by the methods of peace. Whatever bad legislation or legislative action has been mainly or partly to blame for the suffering of the past winter must not stand in the way. Whatever it is that the late object-lesson has

fastened upon the popular conviction, the future will see its force exemplified. The American people are terribly in earnest about something just now. In this representative democracy, it is the duty of representatives of the people to know what this something is.

THE monthly meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Club took place on April 4, at the club-rooms on East Twenty-third Street. There was a good attendance, and a number of interesting speeches were delivered by prominent woman suffragists. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake occupied the chair. The speaker of the evening was Miss Windleyer of New South Wales, whose Australian-English amused the audience as much as her carefully prepared and well-presented facts about the progress of woman's movements in her country interested them. Among the other speakers who gave short addresses Mrs. Dr. Mary Jacobi and Mrs. Margaret Moore were listened to with attention and pleasure. The latter made a very witty speech, and wound up by warning her hearers not to let it be generally known that women wanted to make men more moral than they are, as men could never be got to vote for a measure which threatened such a result.

THE Woman's Club, Brooklyn, a literary society which includes among its two hundred members some well-known women of letters, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on April 4. The occasion was marked by a reception, held from four till seven, in the parlors of the Young Women's Christian Association. A novel idea in decoration was prettily carried out, each of the five refreshment tables being arranged according to different schemes of color. Tulips and daffodils, asparagus and white roses, pink rose and maidenhair fern, violet and smilax, and red and yellow carnations were the effective combinations used. Mrs. Truman J. Bachus, the president, received the club members and friends. She was becomingly attired in pale yellow crepe, with trimmings.

MISS MARY IDA PHARES is the first woman in New Jersey to receive a commission as notary public, the law making women eligible for the office having just passed both Houses of the Legislature, with the prompt approval of the Governor.

THE Brooklyn Board of Health has been compelled to appoint women physicians to do the vaccinating instead of men, in the women's and girls' schools of the city. The pupils objected strongly to male physicians, some of those sent at first being quite young men, and the fact that vaccination is now very generally performed on the leg instead of the arm makes it eminently desirable that the work should be relegated to women. There are three women physicians on the regular staff of the Brooklyn Board of Health—Dr. S. R. Pray, Dr. Agnes Sparks and Dr. Annie M. Brown. In addition to these, who were overtaken by the amount of work involved under the compulsory vaccination law, two others have been appointed as a special staff; namely, Drs. Frances Peale and Ella M. Martin.

POOR JOHN HOEY! He lives at 238 East Ninety-fourth Street, this city. He has a lot in Calvary Cemetery—or, rather, he ought to have it. That is to say, when the time comes, Mr. John Hoey ought to have that lot. For, while the young do sometimes die, the old must; and Mr. Hoey is not young. He may need that lot. There is a stranger in it just now—whose corpse the Harlem River gave up at Ninety-seventh street, April 2. Mr. Hoey's son identified the corpse then as that of his father. But on Sunday, April 8, the son saw the father in a Second Avenue restaurant—alive, to all appearances. The unknown that the Harlem gave up was, at last accounts, about to be disposed of from Calvary.

THE English Purify Society has been shadowing English public men, and it is said that a baker's dozen of them are booked to figure in an exposé. Stead got back to England just in time. Meantime, the news companies are advertising his filthy book about Chicago by declaring that they cannot handle it.

L. C. GARRETT, a St. Louis contractor, has purchased all the big World's Fair buildings for seventy-five thousand dollars. We knew St. Louis would get there some time.

THE Chinese trade is much hampered by the lack of silver money. The silver mints of Mexico are running double time providing dollars for Ah Sin. The mints of India are also about to open for silver coinage. The London Statist, a very hard money organ of the gold persuasion, says that the recovery of silver is inevitable if these things are to continue. So that, if the trade of five hundred million Chinese and three hundred million human beings in India is not kept down, silver will certainly be rehabilitated as money. The demand for Mexican dollars in China is so great that German bullion dealers have been sending silver bars to the City of Mexico for coinage. The bimetalists of Germany have submitted to the imperial Currency Commission a series of proposals in regard to the solution of the silver prob-

lem. In this paper the bimetalists blame Germany's passiveness at the Paris and Brussels money conferences. They demand that another conference be called, to meet in Berlin, and that the German Government promote some plan which is likely to be favored by the United States, Austria-Hungary, Italy, France, Spain and the Netherlands. If England refuse to accept the plan, they say, the other countries should act independently of her in taking at once the necessary steps to re-establish the ratio of 1 to 15½.

SENATOR PEPPER said in the Senate, April 6, that if all taxes were paid in silver dollars, they would cover 412 acres of solid earth; placed side by side, they would make a silver belt 29,592 miles in circumference. We notice, in the latter case, that that belt could easily climb Everest and Chimborazo and Popocatepetl, and still encircle the thick rotundity of the world. Are we going to give up this great scheme just to please Lombard Street and the gold bugs?

LADY HENRY SOMERSET is about to present the governments of the world with a monster petition, containing three million signatures, setting forth some questions of interest to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A special steamer has been chartered to carry this remarkable document about the world.

JOHANN MOST, publisher of *Die Freiheit* and Anarchist agitator in New York City, has failed in the publishing business. At one time his paper had fifteen thousand subscribers, but within the last two weeks it had dwindled to less than a thousand.

By an explosion in the fireworks factory of Romaine Brothers, Petersburg, Va., April 7, eleven men were killed. Among them were Charles N. Romaine, one of the proprietors, and several other prominent citizens, including Chief Engineer Farley of the Fire Department. A number of girls in the factory escaped just before the fatal explosion.

H. RIDER HAGGARD? Yes, sir, or madam. The latest novel from the pen of the author of "She" will appear in book-form in the Semi-Monthly Library before it appears in book-form anywhere else in the United States. The novel we are going to publish is not published anywhere yet. So, you see, it is very, very new.

AN enormous shoal has formed at the mouth of the Mississippi, and the War Department is called upon to give it immediate attention. The old river does not like its present position at all. It is easy to see that.

As we go to press about ten thousand Pennsylvania coke strikers are preparing to march upon all the plants in the coke regions, determined to stop work in them at all hazards. Now is a good time for Governor Pattison to show how level-headed he is.

THE emancipation of women in Japan was inaugurated March 9, 1894, the same being on Friday—a lucky day for many, and let us hope also for the women of Japan. It was the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress. Usually on occasions of great national pomp and ceremonial the Emperor stands alone as the central figure, and all the observances are directed at his Majesty. On that Friday, however, the Emperor showed that his wife's place was beside himself and on a level of equality. Not only that, but the general understanding all round was that the silver wedding was especially in honor of the Empress. Thus, while the woman movement is making such headway here that the men are no longer at the head of the procession, the Japanese sisterhood have compelled that recognition to which they are entitled everywhere. Is the woman's movement world-embracing? Not a doubt of it!

MR. JOHN GRAHAM, one of New York's greatest criminal lawyers, submitted to the amputation of his leg above the knee, April 8. Owing to his advanced age there is little hope of his recovery. He is seventy-two years old, has wonderful vitality, and has long been noted for his eccentric ways. Since the Broadway boodle cases, in 1884, when he was counsel for Jaehne, Mr. Graham has lived quietly at the Metropolitan Hotel. He never attended public functions of any sort. His only relaxation was to board a Broadway car long after midnight and ride along the great silent thoroughfare, trip after trip. A faithful attendant always rode on the rear platform on such occasions.

#### APPRECIATIVE READERS.

FOR several weeks we have received letters from subscribers about the novelist, Ossip Schubin, in which the writers are unanimous in pronouncing "Broken Wings" something altogether new in the line of fiction. The following letter is typical:

TO THE EDITOR:

Let me say that the first part of "Chords and Discords" is a wonderful performance. Can it be that such merciless laying bare of human nature is the work of the young woman whose portrait appeared in ONCE A WEEK some time ago? It reads more like the work of

a Hardy or a Thackeray in the full strength and maturity of their powers. And it is not the least like "Broken Wings." I would like to have the events of "Chords and Discords" different; but when I examine the connection closely, I see that they are as they must be, so far. I am afraid the second part will be very unhappy. But whatever it is, I must say that Ossip Schubin's novels are something in the literary line absolutely new to me, and I have read all the great novels in the English, French and German.

H. G. R.  
NASHVILLE, TENN., April 9, 1894.

The second part of "Chords and Discords" goes out with the next issue of ONCE A WEEK, Vol. XIII, No. 2. It is much more powerfully dramatic than the first part. It will be followed by Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "A Martyr of Destiny," which is being published simultaneously here and in England under the International Copyright Law. It is, in most respects, the best novel Mr. Fawcett ever wrote. If you wish to read New York life by an author who is himself a part of it, "A Martyr of Destiny" is the right book to read.

#### BISHOP O'FARRELL.

AMONG the notable deaths of the past week was that of the saintly Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton, N. J. Bishop O'Farrell was very much beloved



by his priests and people, and very popular among all classes. He was a native of Limerick, Ireland, sixty years of age, and a man of fine, commanding presence, rare oratorical powers and most engaging manners.

#### AN EASY LUNCHEON.

THE cook had departed; but there was left a small but deft waitress, and a determined mistress. So the luncheon came off, with the aid of an old servant, who came about an hour before the luncheon was served. This was the menu:

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.	
BREAD SLICES.	OYSTER PATTIES.
MUTTON CHOPS. POTATOES (CREAMED).	
SALAD.	WATER WAFERS. GRATED CHEESE.
ICE CREAM. CAKE. COFFEE. BUTTER.	
CANDY. FRUITS.	

There were six covers laid. The table was covered with the finest linen, and in the centre an embroidered square, on which was a tall cut-glass vase filled with rose-huds.

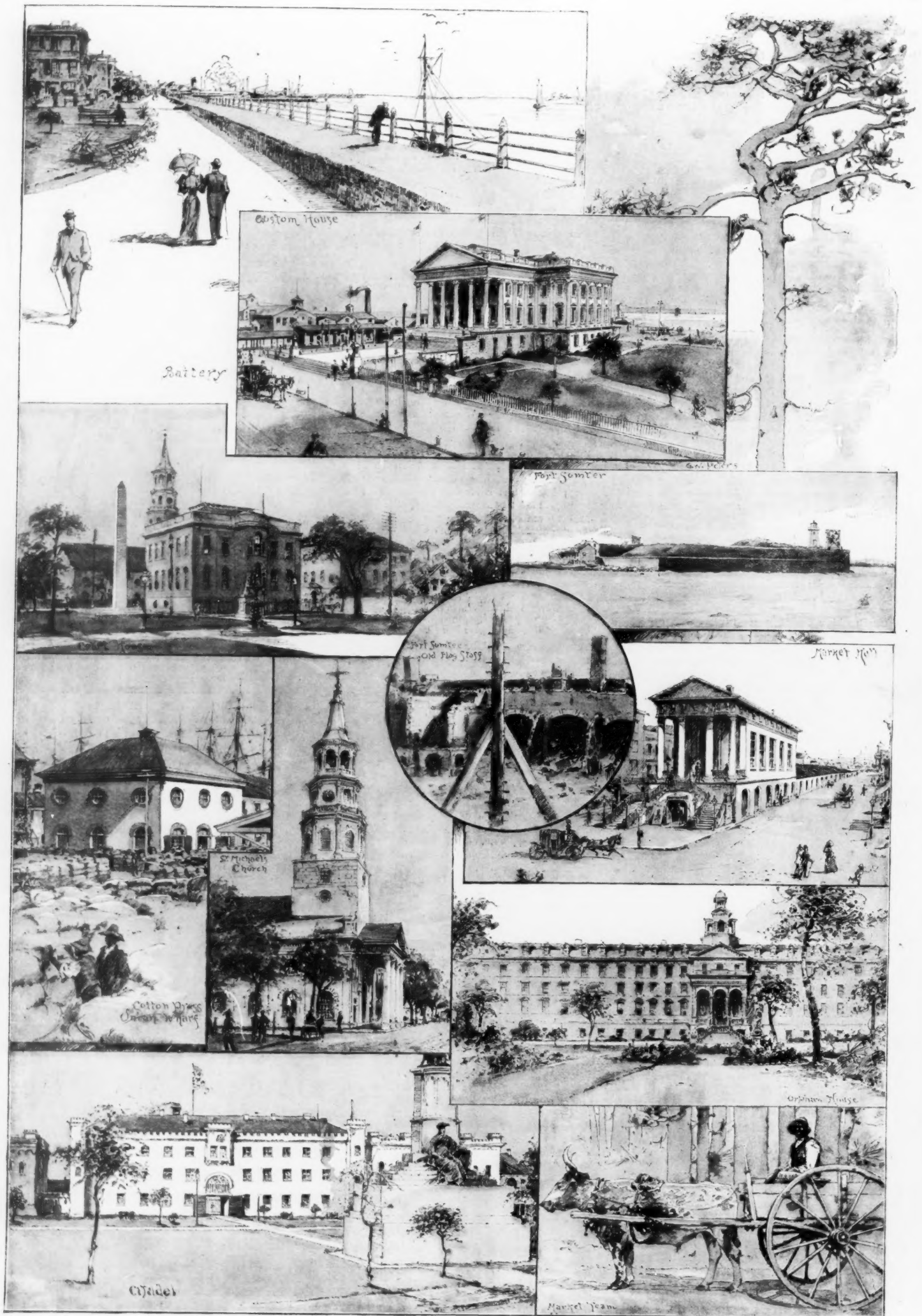
The day before the luncheon the mistress of the manse ordered and prepared such things as she could. The soup was one of the excellent canned soups with which the market is now supplied, and the bread sticks were furnished by a caterer, as were the patty shells and ice cream. The mutton chops the market man was beguiled into boning, as a roast is boned; they were then rolled and pinned, or skewered, with toothpicks. These were quickly but thoroughly broiled, garnished with sliced lemon, and laid on an oval chop-dish. The potatoes were boiled first, then chopped fine, cooked a minute in a cup of whipped cream, and served. The salad was lettuce, with hard-boiled eggs, stuffed. The lettuce was dressed on the table, daintily tossed and served with oil, vinegar and salt. The water wafers, spread with grated cheese, were slightly browned in the oven. The cake was angel cake, made from the following recipe, and baked in two square layers, and iced: Whites ten eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Sift lightly on this one and one-half cups fine sugar, stir well, add a cup of flour, mixed with a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and well sifted. Between the layers was spread whipped cream, sweetened, and with a cup of blanched and pounded almonds stirred in. The cake was then cut in fanciful shapes—half-moons, ovals, etc. The yolks of the eggs were made into a yellow cake, with yellow frosting. The layers mixed with grated pineapple, stirred into the icing.

The coffee was delicious. It was dripped, and served with thick cream in the cup, and a spoonful of whipped cream on top after pouring. Salted almonds and sugared peanuts were served between the courses, and this economical luncheon was at once palatable, well-served and thoroughly enjoyed.

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

YOU must have read in the papers the other day about Maurice Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, who spoke those touching words at the bier of Kosuth? Jokai will be represented in ONCE A WEEK Library at an early date. The best novel the distinguished Hungarian ever wrote is now being translated for the Semi-Monthly Library.

Mrs. Smythe—"I am troubled about Johnny; he is going to be a terrible little liar!"  
Mrs. Tompkins—"Quite an inventor, is he?"  
Mrs. Smythe—"Well, hardly that. He simply infringes on his father's patents."



VIEWS OF CHARLESTON, THE CHIEF CITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, WHERE THE WHISKEY REBELLION RAGED.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.)

## SOUTHERN WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS.

**I**n an article under this heading, which appeared in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK, I mentioned the principal women of the South who have distinguished themselves in New York in the field of art. I now come to the kindred provinces of music and the stage, in which not a few are fast winning their way to fame.

New Orleans seems to have sent most of the musicians. There is Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks, whose soirees in her home in the French Quarter of that town were so often frequented and spoken of by Charles Dudley Warner. Mrs. Hincks came to New York four years ago and created a furore with her drawing-room singing. She was asked to sing everywhere by the most aristocratic side of Gotham's music-loving community. True, her singing is glorious, but her creole beauty and vivacity are half the charm. She presented a new type to the conventional drawing-room singer.

Gowned usually in crimson, that brings out her dusky hair and eyes, she makes a picture-study. She has of late been singing a year in London. At her apartments on Gramercy Park this winter, one met the De Rezske's and other notable singers.

Mrs. Hincks may probably leave in the spring to take an engagement at the Opera Comique in Paris. Capul,



MRS. PEMBERTON-HINCKS.

her great friend, is trying to persuade her that Paris will suit her better than New York.

Miss Pemberton—Mrs. Hincks's sister—always plays her accompaniments. She is another talented Southern girl. As a pianist she has gained no little favorable comment. She has been studying in New York for five years, and has taken several first medals at the Conservatory.

Another gifted and popular singer from New Orleans is Miss Jeanne Faure. Miss Faure has a most delightful voice. It has had perfect training under such a professor as Scharfe, who teaches the Garcia method. There in Dresden she studied four years, and afterward one year in Paris. Three years ago she came to New York. At first she met the usual discouragements, but each month saw an increase of engagements and pupils. She has a great number of scholars now among the smartest set in New York, and many engagements to sing.

To see this dainty little French woman, with such grace of manner and that happy French accent, in her lovely apartment, it is hard to believe her when she tells you that, two years ago, the struggle was hard and the end uncertain. "Only obstinacy made me cling to it," she ended up. "Only rare ability," was my mental reservation.

In the world behind the footlights the South is also represented. Prominent among these is that beautiful Georgian, Miss Bessie Kirkland, whose stage name is Odette Tyler. A daughter of General Kirkland, who served with distinction in the Confederacy, she occupies a social position equal in popularity to her dramatic position. Miss Tyler is a member of Frohman's Stock Company. Her greatest charm in acting is her entire naturalness. She is delightfully the same both on and off the stage. One doesn't know whether she forgets to drop the mask before she enters social life or fails to put it on as the curtain goes up. Four years ago she went on the stage; but she is a poor judge of the hardships encountered by beginners, as her path has had few thorns. The General and herself have an artistic apartment uptown, and one is always sure of meeting interesting people there. This young lady's picture possesses more than usual interest at present from the fact that she is about to be married to young Howard Gould, son of the late Jay Gould. The portrait of the young millionaire is given with the group of "Southern Women in the Professions."

Miss Kitty Cheatham is a Tennessean who has made a name for herself in a short time in New York on the stage. She has been a member of Daly's Stock Company, but is now with Frohman.

Her ability as an actress is marked, and raised her to an enviable position in that great world "behind the scenes." Miss Cheatham is a beautiful woman of the



MISS KITTY CHEATHAM.

purest Saxon type. Whenever she goes to her native Southland it is the signal for an ovation. She is entertained in all the large cities; for the South is very glad to meet its gifted daughters.

HARRYDELE HALLMARK.

## CRAMPS' SHIPYARD.

CRAMPS' SHIPYARD was founded by William Cramp in the year 1830, and located at the foot of Otis Street (now Susquehanna Avenue), Philadelphia. This pioneer industry struggled on, meeting reverses as well as prosperity, but always pushing forward and keeping well up with, or a little in advance of, the times, turning out some of our most famous ships—growing, extending, until at present it occupies thirty-one acres of ground, with a water-front of thirteen hundred and three feet, and employment for over five thousand men. In the early history of the yard very little capital was required to equip or maintain it—a few sheds and slips to be built and a water-front on the Delaware to rent or buy. This was all. As wood was the material used in construction and sail the "motive power," the hundreds of vast and complicated pieces of mechanism rendered necessary by the intricacy of construction of our ocean greyhounds, as well as the massive solidity of our floating forts, were then not even thought of. At first, no engine-building plant was attached to the yard, and the vessels, when designed for steam, were powered by independent engine-builders. This state of things existed until after the Civil War, when the heads of the firm, seeing that a combination of the two industries was imperative, enlarged their concern by adding an engine-building plant. From that time the steady growth of the company and the rapid increase of business has attested to the sound judgment of the founder and his energetic sons.

In the yard of "Cramps' Ship and Engine-building Company," as the place is now called, you are bewil-



MR. HOWARD GOULD.

dered for a time by the magnitude of the work going on. Huge frames, composed of spars and planks, each containing a ship in process of construction, tower above you; men, hauling heavy sheets of iron and steel, are constantly passing, going to and from the shipshed where the rolling and punching are done. The locomotive cranes, carrying massive pieces of machinery, are puffing back and forth—workmen everywhere, laboring as though their lives were at stake, pounding, hammering, hurrying and pushing—all activity, bustle and seeming confusion. The battleship *Massachusetts* lies at one dock, her brown sides still showing traces of the bolts and rivets, and looking very much unlike the beautiful white citadel she will be when she goes into commission in a few months. The commerce-destroyers, *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, also lie near by, the first getting some slight changes made in her machinery, and her sister ship in an advanced state of completion. All three are magnificent vessels, and one cannot but admire the brains which can map out and plan for even the most unimportant bolt and nut. In the boiler-shop the visitor is deafened by the continuous hammering—sounding like thunder or the peal of heavy artillery. Boilers, in which one could put an ordinary Philadelphia house and still have room enough for the "yard," confront you on every side. There are traveling-crane ways overhead capable of picking up and carrying the boilers—some of



MISS ODETTE TYLER.

which weigh seventy tons—to any part of the building. You walk on great sheets of steel, you see strange pieces of machinery—everything complete, bright and polished—machines with great jaws, to which the cutting of one or two inches of steel and iron seems mere play; drills and punches which go through the solid metal as if it were so much cheese. You are awed, and at last are glad to get out, but still more glad that you have had an opportunity of seeing such great work done in such a skillful manner and with so much ease.—(See page 9.)

## MAY YOKE AND LORD FRANCIS HOPE.

AN announcement in the new "Peerage" seemed to confirm the report started some months ago that Lord Francis Hope, second son of the late Duke of Newcastle, is married to Miss May Yoke, the American burlesque actress. But the lady herself is out with a denial. As the present duke is childless, there is a probability of the succession reverting to Lord Francis, and in that event, the actress, if married to Lord Francis, would find herself in possession of one of the proudest titles of the British nobility.

## HISTORIC CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, S. C., continues to be historic. As far back as the Revolution the siege of Fort Moultrie, marking the turning-point in the fortunes of the American patriot army, associated the name of Charleston in the public mind with the idea of good luck.

On that fateful day when Sumter was fired upon Charleston felt the shock, and upon her ancient dwellings and battlements and wharves the Atlantic dropped great tears prophetic of tears to come.

Next sounded the rumbling of the earthquake—Charleston was the first city on the Atlantic coast of the New World to feel the writhings of the seismic monster. Houses fell, great gaps in the earth belched forth steam and mud and poisonous gases. Charleston seemed doomed that time; but the visitation, like all others before and since, spent itself and passed away.

And now Charleston is the scene of the modern Whisky Rebellion. Several lives have been lost; Governor Tillman is in danger of assassination. Armed constables are searching houses for liquor not sold in the State Dispensaries, and the people do not submit easily.

On page 4 are several views of Charleston taken by our special artist, Mr. G. W. Peters, who is in the South at present.

If you want to see how you can make big profit on small investment just read page 13.

## A KINETOGRAPHIC Interview with EDISON

**M**YSTERY and a high fence surround the Edison Laboratory and workshops at Orange, N. J. Far easier is it to make a call upon President Cleveland than upon Edison. State secrets are not a circumstance to the mysteries of the Laboratory. Everything about the place is guarded carefully from the intrusion of the curious stranger who knocks at the gate, or, rather, "presses the button." When

I was admitted by the cautious individual who guards the gate, and who demands to know the nature of your business before opening it, I felt I was on delicate ground, and only dared to ask a few cautious questions. I sunk into a seat in the fine library, and noted a very large collection of foreign books, wondering if Edison knew all the languages they were printed in. I observed, also, a large, beautifully chiseled marble statue in the middle of the floor, holding an electric light, a bust of Edison, rugs, plants and all the accessories of a luxurious apartment. A goodly layer of dust enveloped everything exposed, and a general air of disorder prevailed. Edison is no lover of luxury, and the disorder is more characteristic of the man than the elegance of the furnishings.

A temporary table has been arranged in one corner for the use of a mysterious English inventor, who occupies himself with a specially important mystery, which, I was cautiously informed, must not be spoken of—just yet, but which will startle the world when all things are in readiness. This is the keynote to the whole establishment, and everything else about the place is strung in harmony with it. It is the inventor's atmosphere; each one guards his own particular mystery, and all look for the day when the wonderful perfected things in which each is specially engaged shall burst upon a delighted world.

On the occasion of my first visit I was not lucky; for the great inventor was reposing—sleeping—after working for several days and nights in succession, as is his wont when pursuing any favorite line of experiment. So the attendant said, calmly: "Call again, and you may see him." The same attendant, I am informed, has calmly said the same refreshing thing to visitors from the ends of the earth. So I hid me away, and, as I passed out the gate with a tremendous effort to smile contentedly, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Edison stepping from her carriage, about to call upon her erratic husband; for although his beautiful home is but a few minutes from the Laboratory, the wizard works through the long nights and days, and then falls asleep—mayhap in a chair or over a long table, perhaps on a little cot—anywhere, everywhere that the inclination seizes him. Then no one dare disturb the king of inventors. What think ye of this, oh, ye shirkers? "Go to Thomas Edison, thou sluggard; consider his ways and be wise."

The next time I went I was more fortunate. The wizard was awake, though busy, and gave me an interview, in a good-humored, jolly manner, as if I had known him all my life. Such a twinkling, roguish eye as he showed me! And such an absurd old hat, well down over his ears, and a work-worn, loose frock coat, and a wrinkled vest over his rounded form; altogether such a lovable, simple air about him that I felt that here is a man, a real, genuine man, who can be great and simple at the same time, and only very great men can be that; all others are imitations.

The Kinetograph was shown me by Mr. Edison—that is to say, as much of it as can be seen by any mortal; for here, too, is the same old mystery.



A glimpse of Mrs. Edison



"It would interfere with our foreign patents; we've got to be mysterious, you know," says Edison.

First, I am allowed to examine the "Black Maria," as the photographing house is called. But only the exterior am I allowed to see; for the interior is—well, mystery again. Enough that I see it is a plain board

affair, covered with black building felt, and pivoted so that it may swing around on the circular railway, that the sun may always shine directly through the opening in the roof on to the figures to be photographed. It is necessary to have the sunlight for good results, for the photographs are made so rapidly that even the motion of raising the hand to the mouth is recorded by as many as twelve separate photographs. Just think of the value of this—twelve documentary evidences of a man while he is taking a drink! Imagination reels at the bare possibilities of this wonderful invention.

These long strips of photographs are placed in position in the Kinetograph case and illumined from within by an electric light. They are then made to revolve so rapidly that the effect of continuous action is obtained, and, as seen from the small opening in the top of the case, they are no longer a series of photographs, but one living, moving scene, with all the minute actions and facial expressions of life.

There have been numerous individuals and groups arranged before this camera, and set to acting their particular parts while the instrument snatched every fraction of every action and fixed them securely on the flying negatives. Sandow, the strong man, stood there and threw out his great layers of muscle, twisted and turned, swelling his thick, broad chest, stooping and



EDISON KINETOGRAPHED from memory  
(By our special artist, W. BEXGONER.)

swinging as rapidly as he was able—and see! there he is in the finished Kinetograph. Drop your nickel in the slot and see Sandow, condensed and transferred to the interior of this oblong box—the living, breathing, moving Sandow, not much bigger than your thumb nail, but really complete and full of life. See him turn and twist, and swing and stoop, just as he does when he is out of the box and life-size.

Then there is the Highland man in his kilts, dancing a reel, snapping his fingers and swaying his kilt and toeing it in "gran" style.

Then follows a blacksmith's shop, three smiths hammering away and pausing for a drink from a long bottle. But Edison's favorite is the barber-shop. He asks:

"Have you seen the barber-shop? That's the best. Sandow is good, but he isn't anything to the barber-shop. It's funny."

And he laughs joyously at the recollection of the scene. "But there ain't any money in it. No, there never will be. I just got the idea and worked it out."

"We've sold some of them for slot machines," he continues. "There is a man who has bought ten of them, and he thinks there's a good thing in them; but there ain't any money in them for us. We've only sold

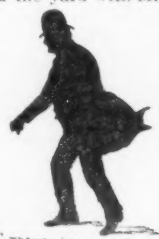
them to help to pay the cost of experimenting. What we are going to have is the phonograph and the kinetograph together. Yes, it'll go with the phonograph, and take public speakers, speech, actions and all, together."

Edison sits talking with his left elbow on the table and his hand to his ear, for he has difficulty with his hearing. He kept that position while I made a quick sketch of him, and he went on, saying abruptly:

"It'll improve acting. When an actor can see and hear herself or himself, he or she'll be able to criticise, you see, and in that way improve."

And so he chats on until interrupted by one of his many duties; and I, having regard for the value of time, rise to retire. As we pass out together, he says: "Yes, all the newspaper boys come over here. Your editor, Connery, used to live over here, you know. How is he now?" And then this busy man was off, and a minute after when I entered the yard with Mr. Dickson (who has charge of the Kinetograph), Edison was out at another door and away across the yard to one of the many shops.

"There he goes," was Mr. Dickson's comment, and he is doubtless going yet. He *always* goes. He is going while we lazy people are wasting our time in nightly sleep of eight hours, which we have been taught to consider is necessary for humanity. Well, perhaps it is; but ordinary human rules do not seem to apply to the rare beings whom, for the sake of a better name, we call "geniuses."



## THE DIAMOND INDUSTRY.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1894.

**I**N a report which he has just made to the Geological Survey, not yet in print, George F. Kunz, the expert in precious stones, tells some interesting facts about the diamond industry. He figures that there are twenty-eight thousand people directly interested in diamonds to-day, and that the capital invested in them by cutters and dealers alone is \$350,000,000. The estimated value of the diamonds of the world is \$1,000,000,000.

The United States furnishes but a small proportion of the workers in diamonds; which is all the more unfortunate as the imports of cut diamonds into the United States between 1868 and 1893 were \$175,000,000, and it is estimated that the amount spent on the cutting of these stones was at least \$87,000,000. What the reason for the failure of Americans to develop the diamond-cutting industry is, Mr. Kunz does not know, unless it may be the distance of the United States from the great diamond markets. Diamond-buying is done on a very broad basis. It is not uncommon for a dealer to close a transaction involving \$750,000. And the dealing is done on such a small margin that American buyers cannot expect to compete with foreign buyers unless they are on the spot.

It is not a question of wages which prevents the development of the diamond-cutting industry in America. The wages paid to diamond-cutters all over the world are much less than they were at the time of the opening of the diamond-fields of South Africa, a little more than a quarter of a century ago; but they are less in the United States to-day than they are in Europe, all things considered. The diamond-cutter to-day gets from fifteen to forty dollars a week. He is paid according to the work he does—so much a carat, less the amount of his "bench expenses." When the South African fields were opened there were so few diamond-cutters in the world that there was great competition to obtain their services, and they made very high wages. Few made less than eighty dollars a week, and many made as much as two hundred dollars. An American was responsible for the reduction in wages. He was Henry D. Morse of Boston, the pioneer diamond-cutter of the United States. When Mr. Morse undertook the study of diamond-cutting the trade was known only to a few Dutchmen. Mr. Morse brought some diamond-cutters from Holland and learned the secrets of their trade. These he taught not only to boy apprentices, but to women. There is no secret in diamond-cutting to-day, and the competition for work is so keen that wages have been cut down eighty per cent. The American workman receives, on an average, two dollars a carat for his work. One New York establishment, however, pays its workmen four dollars, and the wages in Boston are three dollars a carat. There are fifteen diamond-cutting shops in the United States. Their chief business is re-cutting stones. The American trade demands a better cutting than the foreign trade is willing to accept. Still a good business is done in cutting rough stones. The imports of diamonds in the rough last year were \$802,075. The year before they were \$1,032,869.

Twenty-five years ago there were not eight wholesale diamond merchants in Amsterdam. The development of the African mines gave an enormous impetus to diamond-trading. To-day there are three clubs in Amsterdam established by the wholesale dealers in diamonds. One of these—the "Handelsbond"—has nine hundred members, who occupy a fine building, the rooms of which are so arranged in relation to the light that deception in the quality of the gem is very difficult. There are two other clubs, known as the "Golconda" and the "Kohinoor," which have an aggregate membership of four hundred. There are probably one hundred dealers who do business in the cafés and beer-shops near the three clubs. The diamond-workers in Amsterdam are estimated at seven thousand five hundred. There is one shop which runs six hundred mills, each with a polisher, and the other employees of the establishment bring its pay-roll up to one thousand men and women. There are seventy-two Amsterdam shops in all, with a total of seven thousand and forty employees; and the outside diamond-cutters and cleaners bring the labor-roll of the Amsterdam diamond trade up

## THE JUDGE AND THE COLONEL.

THEIR opinion of Colorado, its resources, present and future development. For copy of this valuable pamphlet write S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

to seven thousand five hundred. The dealers and diamond-cutters of Rotterdam are estimated at eleven hundred; so the total of men employed exclusively in the diamond business in Holland is about ten thousand. Antwerp has two thousand diamond-dealers and diamond-workers; London, one thousand; the Province of Jura, France, one thousand; Paris, about five hundred; Geneva and Berlin, about one hundred each; Hanau, Germany, five hundred, and Idar and Oberstein, one thousand.

The dealers who set diamonds are about four thousand two hundred, of whom four thousand are in Europe and the others in this country. The workers at the mines in South Africa and Brazil are from seven to eight thousand. So it is likely the total of people directly interested in the diamond trade is twenty-eight thousand.

A strong illustration of the statement that diamond-dealing is done on close margins is found in the fact that the prosperity of the diamond companies of South Africa was threatened at one time by the illicit traffic in gems from their own mines. It was estimated at one period of the development of the South African fields that fully twenty per cent of the product of the mines was stolen by the native diggers. It became necessary to appoint special watchers, and to search every man who left the mines. After this, the native exhibited a wonderful ingenuity in finding places of concealment for his plunder. A man who was pursued by officers who believed that he had stolen some diamonds, fired at one of his oxen just before the officers caught him. No diamonds were found on him; but it was learned afterward that he had put the stolen gems in his gun, and later, he picked them out of the flesh of the dead animal. Diamonds were fed to chickens and rescued later by the sacrifice of the fowl. Not infrequently the natives themselves swallowed diamonds, and a post-mortem on one of them showed that his death was due to a sixty carat gem which he had swallowed.

Stolen diamonds were sold to "I. D. B.'s," as the purchasers of this class of goods were called, and they sold the diamonds in London at a price so much lower than the company's that they threatened at one time to break up the business of mining. It was less than ten years ago that a system of segregation of the natives was adopted for the protection of the mine-owners. The natives are now housed and fed and kept within certain bounds, as though they were convicts. But the cheerful African, if he is not permitted to steal from the company, makes an occasional dishonest dollar by a sort of "green-goods" game on visitors. He has valuable diamonds for sale—stolen gems which can be had for one-tenth of their value—and the unscrupulous tourist who buys them finds, when he gets back to civilization, that they are imitations of the rough diamond, made of glass, and even colored to resemble the genuine article.—GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

#### MY PLAYMATE.

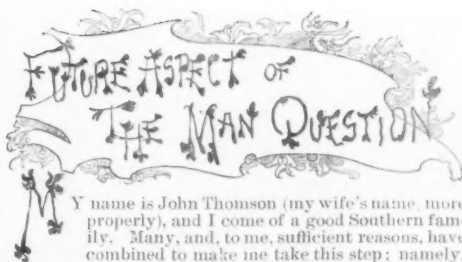
There was a maid of winsome grace  
With whom I played at hoop and ball;  
Across the weary, dismal years  
The echoes of her laughter fall;  
I catch the radiance of her eyes  
Adown the gloom of cheerless skies,  
Why is it that I love her still,  
As men will cherish bygone dreams?  
Why is it that the thought will bring  
A music as of forest-streams?  
Is it because a gulf so wide  
Has snatched the maiden from my side?  
She did not know I loved her then—  
She is a married woman now;  
And haply many household cares  
Are drawing wrinkles on her brow.  
Thank God that I can never see  
How changed she is who played with me!  
For in my heart she is the same—  
A merry, laughing, dimpled thing,  
Who tempted me to romp and play  
While I was gravely worshipping—  
Whose lips seemed specially prepared  
For kissing, had I only dared.  
O playmate of the cuckoo-hours,  
No flight of years is touching thee!  
From summer byways of the past  
I hear thy laughter calling me;  
And I am fain to rise and run  
To gambol with thee in the sun.

—ARTHUR L. SALMON.

#### A Mammoth Piano and Organ Factory.

The subject of music is one that is of interest to the young, the middle aged, and the old of every house. There is nothing like a good piano or organ in a home where some one can bring out its musical notes to rest the tired or soothe the sick or lonesome moments of every household. A representative of this paper made a visit recently to the factory occupied by the "Beethoven Piano & Organ Co.," at Washington, N. J., and a few words regarding the same may interest our readers. He was greatly surprised to see their immense factory running on full time and turning out some of the most handsome and best made pianos and organs he ever saw.

The capacity of the concern is over 2,000 complete pianos and organs a month, and a noticeable fact from beginning to the completion of every instrument, as well as the boxing and shipping, was the absolutely perfect system they had of doing business both in the factory as well as in the offices. It is simply surprising to see a concern make an A1 piano and selling it at only \$175, and an organ, first-class in every respect, at the unheard-of price of \$27.50, with a stool and music book included. He was soon informed, however, why this could be done. In the first place, they manufacture the instruments complete, their factory being equipped with the very best and latest improved machinery. Two 135 horse-power engines, 4 large boilers, and one of the finest lines of shafting the writer ever saw, are part of the equipment that enables them to do the most perfect work. Another and very important item is well seasoned lumber and no other is used, and this together with skilled workmen, both as regards the manufacturing and finishing, and last but not least, the perfect tuning of every instrument, makes both their organs and pianos instruments that can be relied upon, and with proper care will last a lifetime. One other very important fact is that they have done away entirely with large and expensive warehouses in the cities and the employment of agents and dealers throughout the country. Their offices are in the factory, which they own and therefore have no rent to pay other than taxes. By cutting off the commission of agents and the profits of the dealers, as well as other expenses, they find they can sell just as well direct to the people for just about 50 per cent less than they could through the agents and dealers. We have always heard this concern well spoken of, but with our further knowledge of their perfect system, Organ & Wreck takes pleasure in recommending them as being one of the most thoroughly reliable concerns in the country. Our readers can make remittances to them with perfect safety and know that they will get value for every dollar paid them. By addressing the Beethoven Organ & Piano Co., Box 627, Washington, N. J., they will be glad to furnish you promptly with any desired information regarding style, finish, or price of any instrument.



My name is John Thomson (my wife's name, more properly), and I come of a good Southern family. Many, and to me, sufficient reasons, have combined to make me take this step; namely, to rush into print—a proceeding, a bid for publicity, considered so highly reprehensible in one of my sex. Had I never been married, had I lived out the simple round of home duties allotted to my sex, and peacefully declined into old bachelorship, had I never entered into competition in the great world, the following would never have been written. But because I, a weak, unprotected man, have done these things, I take this course. That my story will teach lessons to others I do not doubt, for I have learned them. No doubt the world will look coldly and unsympathetically upon me for intruding trivial heart-troubles and insignificant struggles against superior force upon a scientific and critical public; but, surely, the time is approaching when man, however inadequate his first attempts, may voice his feelings and aspirations and enter into competition with the other sex without incurring scorn and ridicule.

My story is, briefly, as follows: I was born in the year 195—(the exact date I suppress for reasons which every member of my sex will readily understand) on my mother's plantation in one of the Southern States. My early life was in no way remarkable; but it was made bright and beautiful by the guidance and companionship of my father, a delicate and sainted creature, the remembrance of whom is a fount of refreshing to my spirit. My governess, a stern, austere personage, instructed me in those branches of learning considered suitable for the mental capacities of the male, according to the theory of Prof. Mary Washington Smith, so admirably expounded in her great work, "Capacity and Function of the Mental Organs in the Male Creature," and my father's gentle hand guided me through the mazes of cooking and needlework, of which useful arts my governess knew nothing. I add this supplementary remark because I once read, in some very old book or paper, that, long ago, women were considered very skillful in these matters, and, indeed, wholly appropriated these duties to themselves. I asked my father about this; but he answered that it was most probably a fiction, a thing the old-time writers and editors were very fond of publishing, as it would be impossible to imagine a member of the other sex engaging in such a purely domestic affair as cooking a dinner or mending a sock. Being a child, I had not looked at it in that light; but since then the incongruity has struck me very forcibly, often causing me much amusement. My father was my constant companion during these happy days, and I learned many lessons of kindness and forbearance and sympathy, and, from long association, instinctively copied those inborn graces of manner which seem to be peculiar to my sex. Of my mother I always stood in great awe. She, like my governess, was a stern, uncompromising personage, and though she was not, probably, more deficient in natural affection than the great majority of her sex, she never sufficiently overcame the effects of severe and rigid training and the natural asceticism of the sex to take more than passing notice of me. She was, however, very particular about the deportment and behavior of her children, especially the boys, and once when I had, yielding to an unaccountable impulse, joined in a game of football with some of the neighboring girls, she gave me a severe lecture on the impropriety and immodesty of such a proceeding. "It tended," she said, "to weaken the reverence of the girls for the opposite sex, and thus render them less chivalrous." My father concurred with her in this, and, further, added that the males of every degree should strive, with all their power, to keep alive that respect for a weaker though more refined and winsome sex which might otherwise be lost. (A vain precaution, as I afterward learned; that respect was buried by the other sex long ago.) "Man," he said, "demanded the admiration and devotion of the opposite sex for those qualities and endowments, so foreign to the feminine breast, which alone brightened the home and made the journey of life bearable."

At the age of eighteen I made my debut into society, and was the beau of the season. Fatal beauty! At my first ball I made the acquaintance of a Miss Thomson, and from that time I can date all my succeeding woes. I shall not attempt to picture her to you, dear reader. She was a member of a class only too numerous among the other sex; but at that time, blind to her defects and deaf to all remonstrances, I thought not one in all the world could equal her. Indeed, I did, at times, think she was a trifle rude and boorish, and, perhaps, a little too much addicted to the wafer (a highly exhilarating compound, the invention of Delilah Juggings) and the cigarette; but these misgivings I put down to my want of knowledge of woman and her ways. There was a something in her determined stride, in the flash of her intrepid eye, in her whole commanding presence—but especially in the magnetic clasp of her large, powerful hand—that made me banish all doubts and misgivings. It was my first and only love, and my heart went entirely and unreservedly into her keeping. (I think I hear my female readers exclaiming, in disgust: "What sickly sentimentality!" but let me remind them that such devotion is not uncommon in the male, and that it is far from wise to despise what we cannot understand.)

Eventually, after much opposition, she gained my parents' consent, and we were married. For some months we were very happy; but my wife gradually began to stay out late at night, to my infinite concern, and this developed into such wild, erratic ways that they cost me many a good cry and became an abiding sorrow. When I remonstrated against the injustice of such actions, she buried me under a heap of indignant abuse at attempting to check her in her wilful course.

Gradually her temper became more and more hasty, and often violent fits of rage played havoc with our peace. These fits lasted, sometimes, several days, during which time my wife would absent herself entirely from home. I saw plainly that love was dead, and I had been basely deceived. The promises of love and protection had been broken, and even now I was cast off as a worn-out garment. But even then I could have forgiven her, if she would have renewed the old-time pledges in honor. But I longed in vain. I had put my happiness into the keeping of the deceiver, woman, and reaped a harvest of bitter experiences.

At last the end came. My wife eloped with a young and beautiful creature, whom she had allured—probably by the same artifices and tricks of manner that had allured me—and wrought the ruin of my happiness. The scroll of life was opened to me, and I had read the last line in the tale of cruelty and treachery. I returned home, and my father comforted me as only a father can comfort an unfortunate son. My mother took the matter in a strictly philosophical way, and told me that she had given her consent to our union only at my earnest entreaty. I had only myself to blame for an indelicate persistency and disregard of the utterances of practical wisdom and knowledge of life, with which she had tried to turn my purpose.

A little while after, I lost my father, whose tender care and sympathy had done much to alleviate my distress. I followed to the grave with a feeling of utter wretchedness. I felt alone in an unsympathetic world. My mother was but little moved by this sad event. When the governess inquired if she were going to the funeral, she replied that there was a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Domestic Microbes for that afternoon; but, if the business could be gotten through in time, she would deny herself the discussion and would probably be there. On another occasion, at dinner, leaning back in her chair, with resignation and self-satisfaction blending together on her face in exact proportions (of which the governess afterward gave me the formulae), she remarked that man was a weak creature, totally unfitted to meet the exigencies of modern life, and death must certainly be a relief compared with the anxiety of living. The governess, in a very sententious and stately manner, replied that she, also, had arrived at the same conclusion. I inferred from further remarks which they made that, in any case, the male sex was overabundant, and the loss of one, or a dozen even, didn't make so much difference, anyhow. I saw to turn to such a quarter for sympathy would be in vain. The attitude of my governess toward me also gave me much distress. Whenever we were together she would observe me with such a cold, calculating, scientific glitter in her eye that I was in constant dread of the hysterics. My nerves were not equal to such a strain. I afterward learned that she was observing my symptoms for use in her forthcoming work on Psychology.

Unable longer to remain in a house so full of memories of a happy past but now the cheerless abode of a female scientist, I left, determined, unaided and unprotected, to throw myself on the world and support myself as best I could. Moreover, my pride was aroused by my mother's remark about the incapacity of man, which I felt was a slander. I would confute it myself.

I had some experience of the coldness and cruelty of the world, but I never imagined it to be so universally mean as I found it. As I went from place to place looking for some kind of employment, I was variously treated by the business women of the city. Though I had hardly looked for much consideration in my dependent condition, I was not prepared for incivility and even insult. But such was the treatment I received. Women of all classes—merchants, manufacturers, editors, lawyers—all seemed to have forgotten that poverty is no crime and sex an accident. In such a school I soon learned a sort of elementary physiognomy, and when applying to a stranger would carefully read the lines and wrinkles, to learn, if possible, what kind of treatment I was to receive. Younger women were no better than the old—certainly less polite—and I was much annoyed by the winks and leers of the young clerks in many offices I visited. I afterward learned that these impertinences were intended, by the girls, to be construed into gallant attentions. As a rule, however, they were better looking than their elders, and many would have been handsome had it not been for the large mouths—a result, I believe, of the incessant public (and private) speaking to which females are much addicted. I noticed, also, that the majority of these young women were continually chewing gum—a practice from which my more refined nature, naturally, turned away in disgust.

I eventually obtained a situation in the office of a rich old lady—a soap and dry-goods merchant—who had reached that age when thoughts of heaven begin to occupy the minds of the rich, and who, to make her own election sure, had developed a benevolent turn of mind. This lady, with lofty feelings of charity, took pity on me, overlooked the accident of birth that did not make me a girl, and gave me a modest position in her office. My triumph was very great. I had proved conclusively that man was not so frail as was generally supposed. After all, he could meet the exigencies of modern life and survive. I had disproved the conclusion of my mother and the scientific governess. (By the way, my success was a phenomenon that caused much difficulty in the "Psychology.")

Many men have followed my example, and I rejoice at the forward movement of our sex. Since I have been out in the world I have seen many things against which the universal voice of the sex should, and will, cry out.

Women, when we cry for equal liberties, do not despise us as paltry men suffragists, and point to home as our proper sphere. We are out for a good time, and are determined to have it.

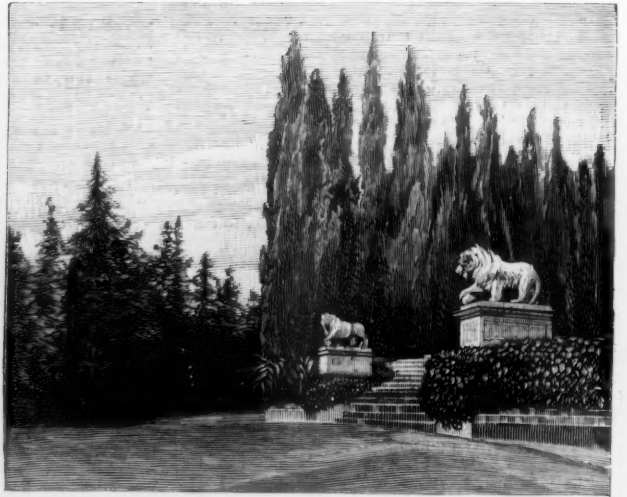
Men, though it may be in the light of a discovery to some, are human beings, and have the feelings common to the race. When we have equal opportunities and broader fields of action the discrepancy will not be so marked.

Meanwhile, brothers, let us rest for new strength on what we have gained, and work patiently to the dawning of that better day which the superior character of the male sex must materially hasten.

P. S.—An after-thought comes naturally: "Be warned by my sad experience, and never put faith in the other sex."



ENCLOSED VERANDA



THE DRIVE



AVENUE IN THE PARK OF VILLA



ENTRANCE HALL



BOUDOIR



ENTRANCE GATES



LARGE DRAWING ROOM (ANOTHER VIEW)

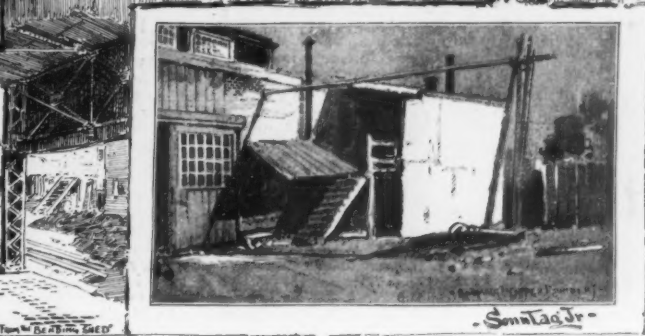
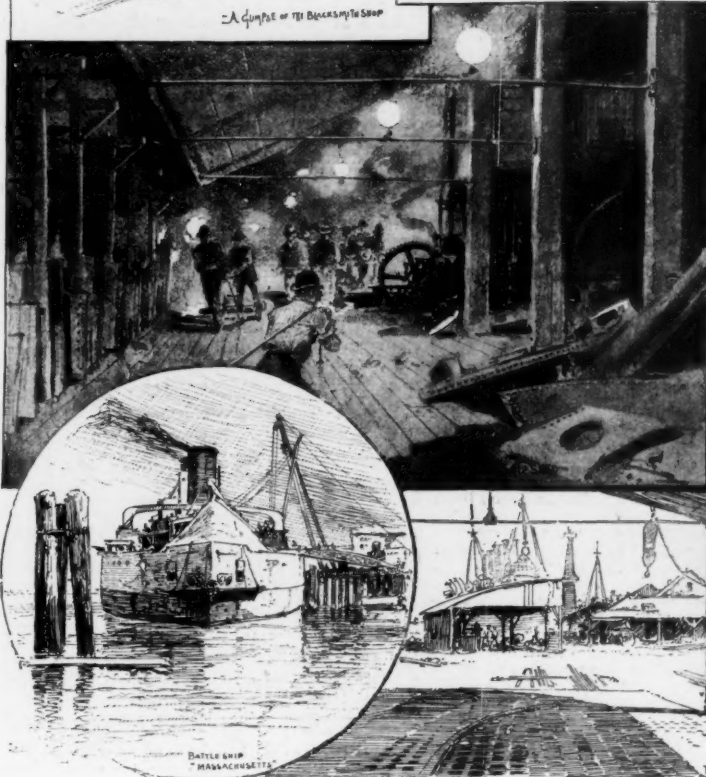
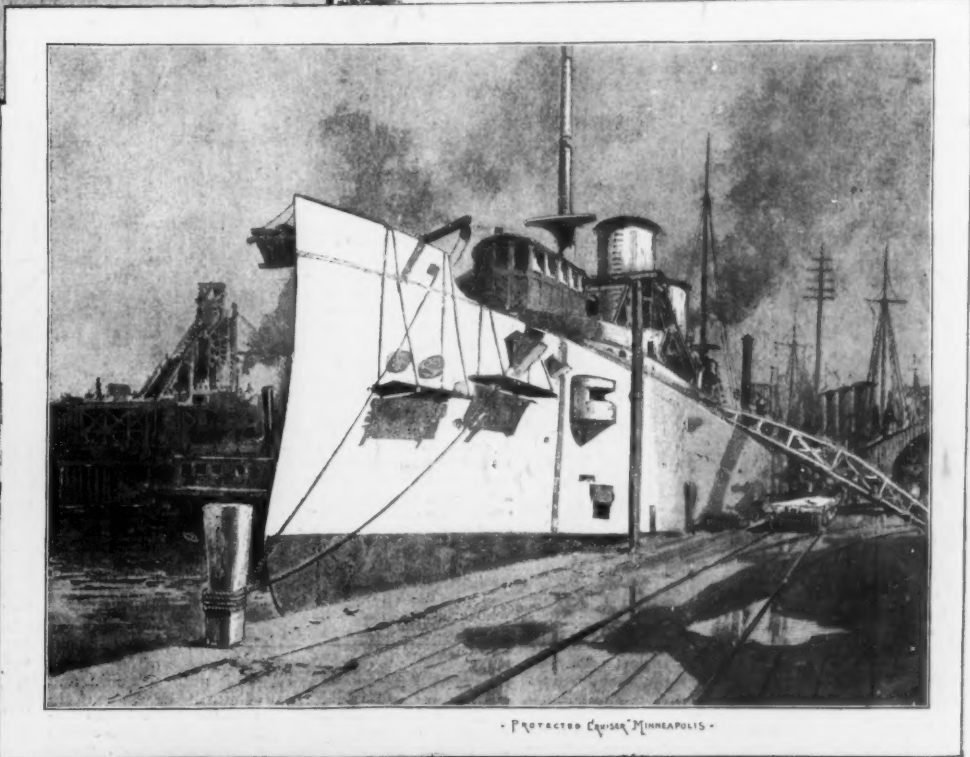
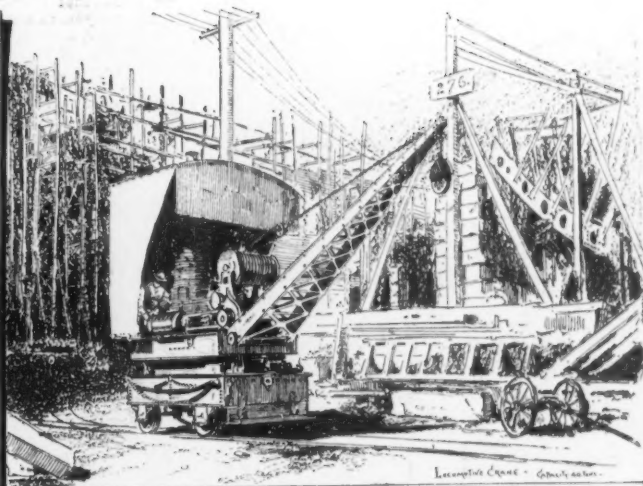
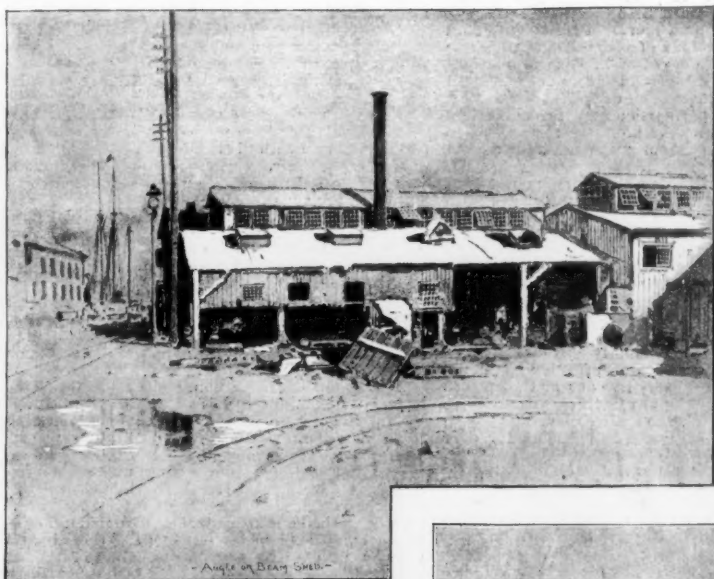


LARGE DRAWING ROOM

## THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI.

HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENCE DURING HER THIRD VISIT TO FLORENCE.

(See page 11.)



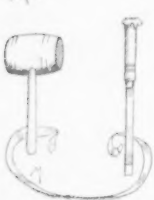
CRAMPS' SHIPYARD, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE OUR WARSHIPS ARE BUILT.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

(See page 5.)



## THE PASSING OF THE FIGURE-HEAD. BY PERRITON MAXWELL



UNDER the cobwebby rafters of a quaint old house on South Street, New York, you may hear, at any hour of the day, the musical click of a mallet, accompanied by the whistled melody of some popular air. Mount the creaking stairs, push open the battered door, and you are in the queerest studio in all the world. It is a sculptor's studio; but as unlike the usual atelier of a statue as anything not a studio could possibly be. The artist, who is at work knee-deep in a sea of chips and shavings, is as much unlike the average sculptor in appearance as a chisel is unlike an orange. But he is a merry artist, is this industrious, whose studio window looks out upon ships from every port of earth, thrusting their sharp noses far across the busy street below. No great public statues of eminent personages pass from this dingy atelier under the time-stained eaves. But most of this queer sculptor's productions stand in public places, though I am afraid they are not fully appreciated by the thousands who look upon them day after day.

Appreciated or not, the merry devotee of the chisel whose work we have come to inspect toils on, the year around, with a heart as light and a hand as steady as though his careful productions were the talk of the town, and he the most lauded of artists. His masterpieces are many, though not greatly varied in their conception and embodiment. For he is, as you have already surmised, a carver of those famous wooden Indian chiefs and well-dressed squaws who hold toward the pedestrian on most of our streets a tempting bundle of cigars, or stand in an attitude of eternal expectancy shading their hollow eyes with a muscular right arm, carved from a seasoned block of pine. The art of the cheerful sculptor, whose gloomy old workshop I invaded the other day, is one of which but little is known by the general public. It is very interesting, and much more exacting in its demands upon the skill and ingenuity of its followers than one would, at first thought, suppose. In the old days, when every vessel that left the stocks carried under her bowsprit a figure-head carved in the finest style of marine sculpture, this business of figure-carving was a flourishing and much honored vocation. But now one must waste one's talent upon cigar-store Panches and Indians, if one wishes to make a respectable livelihood as a carver of wooden figures. There is no longer a demand for a fine old Neptune, a brave General Washington, a graceful mermaid or a counterfeit presentment in wood of the skipper's wife or daughter whose name, as well as likeness, the staunch ships bore over seas.

When Salem and New Bedford were the centres of American ship-building, and the proudest craft afloat sprang from their busy stocks, no vessel worthy the name sailed forth without a figure-head. Indeed, it would have been considered a profound disgrace for any self-respecting seaman to put out in a ship minus the accustomed figure at the bow. To-day no figure-heads are carved for either fishing-smacks, merchantmen or man-o'-war-men. Now and then some vessel launched far down the New England coast displays a small figure above her cut-water; but, with the exception of an occasional pleasure yacht, the figure-head dear to the heart of the old-time tar has passed into the shades of yesterday. The carving of figure-heads was an art handed down from father to son in the early days. But the sons—a mere handful of them in this country—whose fathers cut from formless logs rude figures for the waves to play with, are now employed in shaping commonplace dummies—highly-colored symbols for commercial uses, and devoid of any title or iota of sentiment. It was upon one of these signs of the times that our light-hearted artist of the South Street loft was engaged when I put a few queries before him, with a view to finding out a thing or two about his unknown craftsmanship.



"Men carved figures out of wood before Pharaoh was king," said the chiseler. And he laid down his mallet, lit his pipe, and gave me these facts. Seasoned white pine is the favorite material used in wood-carving. Nothing serves the purpose better than the butt end of a new spar. The figure is first outlined upon the rough wood with a bit of chalk. Only when the arm of a figure is extended is more than one solid block of wood used. The work is done with the tools usually employed by general workers in wood: the chisel, gouge and mallet being the implements frequently brought into requisition. A small figure is often completed in a week, though a month is quite frequently required for the completion of a large or intricate figure. The cost of carved wooden figures varies from fifty to three hundred dollars; the price depending upon the amount of labor bestowed

upon individual pieces. If your fancy turns toward mythology, you can obtain a bust of any of the Greek gods, a satyr, a nymph or a mermaid for one hundred dollars each. If you are fond of birds, you can become the proud possessor of an eagle, of life-size proportions (no extra charge for making it hideous with gilt), or a sober-visaged owl, all feathers and claws, for the modest sum of forty dollars. A particularly ferocious lion costs one hundred dollars. If lions are too expensive for your purse, you can compromise on a unicorn or a hippogriff at fifty dollars each. The carousel, which was invented in Italy in the tenth century, popularized in France in the last century, and transformed into a public nuisance at Coney Island in the present century makes the greatest demand upon the figure-carver for animal subjects.



From my sculptor of the South Street garret I further gleaned that the average life of a wooden Indian is about twenty-five years. If he is snugly enveloped in a blanket of thick paint, he may live out in the open as many as thirty years. There are figures extant that have dwelt out-of-doors for over

two hundred years, but these were exceptionally favored characters. The substantial images of Mr. Pickwick, the Highlander with bare knees, the Turk with the curled mustachios, and the young lady with a pan-cake hat and a look of exaggerated, if not impossible, happiness, used to be great favorites with the wood-carver's patrons. Then Daniel Webster, with a huge cigar under his arm, and Henry Clay, with a blue army coat around his spare person, had a phenomenal run for a time. Just now it is President Cleveland and the base-ball batsman who stand highest in the favor of the public and its willing servants, the cigar-store keepers.

Curiously enough, the accomplished hewers of wood who create veritable images of men and things from a shapeless plank, are given to specializing their art. As an instance, there is one old fellow who carves nothing but figures of Mr. Punch—the Mr. Punch of our boyish fancy, with fiery nose meeting his upturned chin, and a stomach extending in front of him in the same exaggerated fashion that his ridiculously-curved hump protrudes from his back. Then there is a man whose shop is in the vicinity of the New York City Hall, whose genius finds vent only in delineations, close to the life, of our estimable friend, Uncle Sam. Even the demand for these examples of *fin-de-siècle* art has waned within a decade, if my carver friend is to be believed. "After all, the palmy days of our business was when the ship's figure-head was in vogue," with which remark the wood-sculptor turned his chisel upon a head of Liberty destined to adorn the facade of a new town hall down in Massachusetts—the very State in which the art of figure-carving had its birth in this country, and from which place came the finest examples of the figure-carver's skill for more than a century.

### MY ARMLESS FRIEND.

WHEN I first met my friend, the armless man, he was engaged in painting a landscape in oils; and when my first surprise was over, I became greatly impressed with the precision and skill he displayed. Seated upon a chair, which had no back, as if to make his work more difficult, he stretched his right foot forward, with consummate grace, and painted foliage and rivulets with a fidelity to Nature that was truly wonderful.

Had this singularly gifted man been blest with hands, it is very likely that his paintings would never have placed him above mediocrity. But with his feet he was regarded as a sort of Angelo by all discriminating and appreciative people, and, naturally, he found little trouble in disposing of his canvases.

At the moment he paused for rest, upon the occasion of our first meeting, he noticed that I was absorbed in his work as I was interested in him, which seemed to please him greatly.

"I was born without arms," he began, "and, as a matter of course, I do not miss them. In selecting a pursuit in life I was compelled to decide on one of a sedentary character."

"Have you always been able to use your feet as others do their hands?" I asked.

"By way of a joke, I may say that I have always been handy with my feet. As a boy, I was the best marble-player in the neighborhood, and when it came to whittling sticks and driving nails, I was the equal of any of them. I was also very skillful with the needle, and one day when my father saw me sewing a button on my jacket, he thought it would be a good idea to apprentice me to a tailor."

Here the armless man paused and took his pipe off the easel with one foot. He then thrust the other into his pocket and brought out some tobacco, which he packed into the pipe very neatly with his great toe,

after which he lifted a match from his vest-pocket, and was soon puffing away with satisfaction.

Despite the fact that the armless man did all this in a perfectly sober manner, as if it were something worthy of no remark or notice, it struck me as being so grotesque that it was all I could do to refrain from smiling.

"Do you paint pretty steadily?" I asked.

"As a rule I do," he replied, as he removed the pipe from his mouth with his left foot to blow a great wreath of smoke in the air, "because there is so great a demand for my work. I have done and am still doing very well, and therefore am very thankful."

At this point he was interrupted by a boy who brought him a bundle. He took the bundle from the boy with one foot, and with both untied the cord, and dispatched the courier, after informing him that it was all right and placing a gratuity in his palm.

He then took his watch from his vest-pocket, made sure that it was right, and wound it. He said it was time to start for home, and begged that I would excuse him, but not until he had invited me to call upon him at his house on the morrow.

I accepted his invitation, and on the following day knocked on his door. His wife admitted me, and took me out to the garden, where I supposed he was sketching, as it was a lovely bright day, and the air was heavy with the odor of many flowers. But imagine my surprise when I found him sitting under a breezy tree whistling an air from Rigoletto while cutting his little boy's hair. The boy sat impatiently before him, with a great cloth about his neck, and my friend, the painter, with a comb held in his left foot and the scissors in his right, went clipping away to the time of the tune he whistled.

"You are quite a barber," I said.

"Yes," he replied, with a smile. "About an hour ago I shaved myself, and then to keep in practice, I peeled the potatoes for dinner. But there's one thing that haunts me like a nightmare."

"What's that?" I asked.

"It is the thought that I may some day contract gout. What then would become of me?"

He looked upon his foot with an expression of pain that was pathetic, until something seemed to startle him, for he suddenly straightened up, dismissed his boy, and quickly raising his right foot over his head, thrust it down his back inside of his shirt, fumbled for a moment, and said triumphantly:

"I've got it!"

"Got what?" I asked.

"My collar button," he replied.

His wife then appeared, and he politely rose on one foot and removed his hat with the other.

He then showed me through his garden and house, where I spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Upon leaving, he begged me to accept a study he had made of some chickens on a paling. It is still among my most treasured works of art.

This all happened in Florence many years ago, but still I often think of this queer genius and his many good qualities. Fancy my surprise the other day when wandering through the Italian quarter in New York, to meet this painter's wife walking along the street. She seemed much older than she really was, as if aged by trouble. She was as greatly surprised as I was at our sudden unlooked-for meeting.

"And how are you all?" I asked.

"We're all undone," she replied, as a tear stole down her olive cheek. And she wrung her hands as she continued: "As long as Giovanni could paint with his feet prosperity shone upon us, and a white dove cooed in the ilex at the gate."

I thought he might have been stricken with gout as he once feared he would be.

"Ah, but you would never guess what happened."

"Do you know, about five years ago arms grew on him!"

"That would be a freak of Nature," I replied.

"But not a greater freak on the part of Nature than she performed when she brought him into the world without arms," she said, in a convincing manner.

"You have a great deal to be thankful for," I observed.

"Ah, no," she replied, with a fresh flood of tears. "As soon as it became known that he had arms, he was pronounced a humbug, and he could not sell a picture. We were soon reduced to poverty, and had to come to America. Oh, what a cruel fate to pluck the rose from the tree of prosperity! It is now impossible for him to make a decent living, and he sits and frets all day at the peanut stand, and dreams of the days when he was without arms and his days flowed on as smoothly as a summer stream."

"He can still paint with his feet?" I said, in a tone of sympathy.

"He can."

"And he could make a handsome living if without arms as in the past?"

"He could."

"Then," I said, "why doesn't he have his arms amputated?"

"Impossible," she replied, "impossible."

And before I knew it, she darted down an alleyway and was gone.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

RICHARD H.

Smythe—"Why do you call your pet crow 'Boss'?"

Tompkins—"Because it's a croaker."

Mrs. Treetop—"Do the Broadway cable connect onto the Atlantic cable?"

Treetop—"Don't talk so loud. It don't, an' it don't run so fast, neither."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FARMER—Yes, South Dakota furnishes an excellent field for diversified farming. Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax are produced in abundant quantities and find a ready market at good prices, while the cost of production is much less than in the Eastern States. Stock-raising and wool-growing have become successful industries in South Dakota, where thousands of acres of the finest land in the United States can be secured at reasonable figures and upon long time for deferred payments. Further information will be cheerfully furnished free of expense by addressing Geo. H. HEAFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## NORA AND THE BURGLAR

DON'T think I'm any more timid than other women," said Mrs. Stevens, self-defensively. "But, then," she admitted, "I don't know as that is making out a very strong case, especially when the subject of burglars is uppermost in their minds. Anyway, I think I had good reason to feel timid when burglaries were being reported almost every morning all around us—three within a month right on our street, and nobody knowing when it would be our turn. And then right when I had worried myself nearly sick with going around as many as six times every night to see surely that I hadn't missed fastening any window when I went round the time before, and with taking the silver religiously to bed with me every night, and running downstairs two or three times in my nightdress to be sure I hadn't overlooked anything—right in the midst of all that worry, Hal—that's my husband, you know—came home one day and said that he had got to go to New York and Philadelphia on business, and that he simply wouldn't leave me behind to worry myself sick over burglars and windows and silver spoons, and so I must pack a traveling-bag and go along with him.

"Well, I was in a quandary. I surely didn't want to be left at home to lie awake till morning every night and start up with fright at every sound I heard; nor did I want Hal to go off alone, to be gone four or five days, when he'd just had an attack of the grip, and was barely over it yet. But I had no relish for leaving all my household gods to the sole care of a house girl, somewhat of an Amazon though she was.

"Hal, however, said that I could pack up all my silver and other most valuable possessions, and he would have them put in a safety deposit vault till we got back, and that I'd simply got to go, anyway; for he had got to go, and he wouldn't go without me. I couldn't resist such forcible reasoning as that, and so we made our preparations.

"Of course, being a woman and a housekeeper, I cautioned Nora over and over again about seeing particularly that every door and window was locked as soon as it was dark, and about being careful that the house shouldn't catch fire while we were gone. The burglar scare was a matter of recent origin; but the fear of fire was something that had been always before my eyes ever since I had begun to keep house, and Hal—the dear old fellow!—had tried to relieve my fears in every way possible. He bought a whole crate of hand-grenades and put them in the upper and lower halls, in the bathroom, the kitchen and in various other locations, till the house began to look like a factory. Then the dear fellow, as a further comfort and sense of security to my mind, got two long pieces of hose, with couplings, one of which was kept in the kitchen, to be coupled on to the water pipe in case of fire, while the other was kept in the bathroom, on the second floor, for the same purpose. The pressure in the water pipes of our little city is very strong, and the hose and the supply pipes in our house were large. So you see a big stream of water, with lots of force behind it, could be turned upon any part of our house in case of necessity.

"Well, I made Nora promise over and over that she would couple on both pieces of hose every night before she went to bed, so that they could be used without a moment's loss of time, if necessary.

"Faith, an' it's careful Oi'll be every minute av the toime ye're gone, mum," she said. "Don't ye be afther worritin' yer soul at all, at all."

"I'll risk Nora," said Hal, laughing, as I continued to be troubled over leaving home when burglaries were taking place all around us. "Upon my soul," he added, "I wouldn't want to be in the burglar's shoes that should try to get into Nora's domains!"

"I had already secretly comforted myself with some reflections of this nature; for our 'hired girl' was a marvel of strength and courage, the latter being shown by her perfect willingness to stay in the house alone while we were gone.

"Well, we were gone six days; for Hal found, when he got to New York, that he would have to go to Baltimore as well as to Philadelphia, and I didn't take a minute's peace while we were on the trip, with worrying about fire and burglars. I don't think there was a night while we were gone that I didn't dream that either the one or the other were laying waste our pretty little home. And right glad I was when we got back again, and let ourselves in to our own front door with a latch-key. There had evidently been no conflagration there since our absence—but still there might have been a burglary!

"Well, Nora," said Hal, with a laugh, "have you had any burglars in here since we went away?"

"Yis, sorr," answered Nora, in a matter-of-fact tone as though she had been chronicling the visits of the butcher or the grocer. "Yis, sorr, wan av thim."

"What do you mean?" we both cried, excitedly.

"Come out here, sorr," said Nora, mysteriously, "an' Oi'll tell yez all about it."

"We both crowded out into the kitchen after her, too excited even to lay down the bundles and the satchels we were carrying.

"Nora led the way in silence across the kitchen to the

small entry leading out of it, from which entry there was a door and a window leading out on to the back 'stoop,' or piazza. One or two panes of glass were gone from the upper sash, while the whole lower sash, wood-work, glass and all, was smashed into bits.

"There," said Nora, with no little complacency, "is the results av a little scrimmage as took place here noight before last. Oi waz a-schlappin' wid wan oi an' both ears open, w'en Oi heard a bit av a noise down on the back stoop, and I shipped into me—no, Oi had me dress all on, so Oi did, an' thin Oi shipped softly down to the kitchen and listened at this entry door, an' there Oi heard the burglar a-scratchin' on the glass—a-cuttin' out a pane he waz, wid some kind av a knife. Oi waz just lookin' round for a stick to go in an' tap him on the head wid, w'en me oi caught sight av the hose that yez made me promise, mum, to fix on to the wather poipes ivery noight, an' I grabbed oop the end av it, turned the handle that lets on the wather, an' thin Oi opened this door. The spalpeen had got a pane of glass out, an' had stuck his head an' his shoulders through trying to get at the fastenin', which is low down at the side av the windy, w'en Oi turned the hose on him. Ye know, sorr, an' mum, how the wather comes out av that poipe? It struck him on the top of his head like a shillaly, an' w'en he lifted his head, quick loike, the strame av wather took him in the mouth. "Have a drink, sorr," Oi says to him, perloite as ye please. "P'raps yez don't know how wather tastes," Oi says, says Oi, "an' here is a foine chance for yez to foind out." An' I kept the strame roight on his face while he waz a-strugglin' to get his head out av the windy; but he waz stuck, an' pooty near drownded, too, he waz. "It's a foine chance, too," sez Oi, "for yez to get your face washed up clane an' toidly. Yez won't know yourself w'en yez next look in the glass," sez Oi. An' Oi kept the strame a-playin' on to him, wid him a-gaspin' an' a-strugglin' to get his head out, wid the wather a-pourin' down over him in bucketfuls. "Yez poor craythur," says Oi, "why don't yez come in out av the weth?" says Oi; "or wud yez be afther loikin' me to hand yez out an ombrel?" says Oi. But just thin the spalpeen gave a great kick, an' a great thrashin' wid his feet an' laigs, an' smashed in the whole lower part av the windy, an' part av that which waz a-holdin' av his head, an' what does he do but drop flat on his back on the stoop that waz swimmin' in wather, a-gaspin' an' a-splutterin' loike he waz losin' what little breath he had left inside av him.

"Do yez lay aizey?" Oi sez, a-shovin' the end av the hose out the windy and pourin' az much as a hogs-head av wather down on to him in less toime than it takes to tell av it, "or wud yez loike a sphring mathress an' a hot rock to put at your fate?" sez Oi. But just then, in his floppin' an' a-shippin's he waz roight at the top av the sheeps, an' thin I turned the strame av wather straight ag'inst him, it washed him clane off av the stoop, an' down the stairs, a-rollin' over an' over.

"Ochone!" Oi sez, "must yez be afther goin' so soon?" sez Oi. An' Oi took him square in the back av his head with the strame as he tumbled oop on to his fate and wint loike he wuz shot out av a gun over the back-yard fence.

"Hal and I drew a long breath of relief when Nora had finished. Then Hal said, very solemnly:

"Nora, you're a jewel; but if this should get to the ears of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it would find a 'true bill' against you, sure!"

WEBB DONNELL.

### QUEEN VICTORIA AT FLORENCE.

THE Queen of England, though well into "the sere, the yellow leaf," has still enough youth to be sensible of the value of change of air and scene, and enough energy to make practical test thereof. No one will surely quarrel with her Majesty's taste in having selected Florence, the City of Flowers, as the scene of her temporary abode during the "witching spring-time." As much cannot be said for her selection of a residence during her visit. The Villa Fabricotti lacks the romantic interest and picturesqueness that attaches to the older examples of domestic architecture in which the suburbs of Florence are so rich. It is almost painfully new and modern in appearance, but undoubtedly it is all the more comfortable as to internal arrange-

ments. The situation is admirable. The villa stands three hundred feet above the level of the Arno Valley, commanding an enchanting view of the surrounding country, of the city, and of the distant mountains of Siena. The grounds are spacious and beautifully kept, a specially attractive feature to the Queen being a long cycle track, which will be available for her morning drives in her donkey-chair.

The spacious entrance-hall of the villa divides a suite of superbly decorated and artistically furnished reception-rooms, with adjoining loggia—a covered veranda—from the library, dining and billiard-rooms. The Queen's apartments and the dining-room are all on the first floor, to obviate the fatigue of climbing stairs. The servants' quarters are in the tower. The villa is not large enough to house the entire suite of her Majesty, a portion being lodged in the town in quarters specially secured for them. An inconvenient feature about the location of the villa is that two railway crossings intervene between it and the town, but perhaps the authorities will be obliging enough to see to it that the royal driving excursions are not interrupted or delayed thereby.—(See page 8.)

### THE THEATRICAL WEEK.

THE novelties in the theatrical line during the week have been Clara Morris's re-appearance in New York, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; the Gilbert-Sullivan opera of "Utopia Limited," at the Broadway; the Kendalls again, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at the Star; Lillian Russell, in "Girofle-Girofla," at the Casino, and Mounet Sully, the great French actor, at Abbey's Theatre. New York certainly is enjoying a rare feast of artistic luxuries. "Utopia" appears not to be quite up to date, but it is drawing full houses. The Kendalls are as popular as ever, and persevere with the "Tanquerays" to show New York critics how New York audiences applaud where critics condemn. Sully has carried our people with him by a display of that super-eminent art and magnetism that has won him so many triumphs in Europe.

### "THE MALACHITE CROSS."

MR. FRANK H. NORTON, the veteran journalist, has just given to the literary world, through the Cleveland Publishing Company, New York, a weird, graphic and tragic story under the above title. The scene of the happenings alternates between Paris and New York. It is devoid of the attempts at sensationalism that usually mar stories of this class. The subject matter of "The Malachite Cross" is one that is very difficult to handle, except by one who understands the principles of narrative-structure. The book is full of surprises and ingenious turns of the plot. There is just enough of the occult in "The Malachite Cross" to make it fascinating, and to help out the narrative within the bounds of the more or less authenticated phenomena of occultism.

### SUDDEN DEATH TO FLIES.

"COME inside a minute," said a Fourth Avenue dealer in pianos yesterday afternoon. "I have discovered the greatest fly-trap on earth, and I want to show it to you." *Scientific Am.* He led the way to an instrument at the rear of the store, on which was a newspaper. On the paper had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. At least a thousand dead flies were lying on the paper in the immediate vicinity of the bunch of flowers. "I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in about ten minutes I happened to notice that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time." Even as he spoke a number of the insects which had stopped to suck the deadly sweet had toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings several times, and then gave up the ghost.

Mrs. Shopper (after the clerk has displayed every bolt of silk but one at his counter)—"Well, I don't think I'll purchase any silk to-day. I was only looking for a friend."

Clerk (in disgust)—"But wait, madam; I'll unroll the last bolt. Perhaps your friend is in that."



### MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



MR. IGNACE BOURGET, FOUNDER OF  
THE CATHEDRAL.



MR. FABRE, ARCHBISHOP OF  
MONTREAL.



ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.



LOOKING NORTH  
FROM THE ALTAR



INTERIOR  
LOOKING SOUTH.

MONTREAL is justly proud of having in its midst a representation of the greatest church in Christendom—St. Peter's at Rome—an honor that is shared by no other city. This imposing structure has been erected after enormous trouble and expense, and is a monument which will speak to succeeding generations of the devotedness of its founder, Bishop Bourget, and of the present Archbishop of Montreal.

It is now twenty-four years since the first stone was laid in the building, the work having been discontinued from 1878 to 1884 on account of financial difficulties.

The church is built upon the plans of St. Peter's at Rome, and is about one-half the size of that great edifice. The length is 333 feet, width of transept 222 feet, and extreme height of dome 268 feet.

The ceremonies at the formal opening on Easter Sunday were conducted by his Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, assisted by Very Rev. Abbé Bourgeault, Vicar-General, and the Rev. Canons Leblanc, Valliant, Archambault, Lavariat and Racicot. The last named clergyman is the acting curé of the new church.

Although the edifice is advanced enough to accom-

modate worshipers, it is still far from being completed. It will probably be the beginning of next year before it will be used for daily worship.

The situation, on Dominion Square, is the finest in the city. The building has been put up wholly by voluntary subscriptions, which were raised by the clergy, headed by Mgr. Bourget, and, after his death, by Mgr. Fabre; also by donations, collections and bazaars. The accompanying illustrations give a good idea of the exterior and interior views of the new St. James's Cathedral.



M. V. BOURGEOULT, ARCHITECT OF  
THE CATHEDRAL.

#### LOVE CAME TO ME. (Poetic Prose.)

##### FIRST VERSE.

Love came to me as I paused on the road to fill my pipe, and love has been with me through all the after months. The road runs along the river—past farms and orchards, darksome woods and merry groves; and as I looked by chance, into a passing carriage—holding my pipe and pouch in my hands—Love came to me.

##### SECOND VERSE.

Her eyes are sometimes as the sea is green and sometimes as the sea is gray. Her hair is as the hillside pastures are, when the ferns are brown along them. My love's face comes in dreams. She leans down to me out of the smoke-wreaths of my pipe; her soul follows me in the green woods and solitudes of the river.

##### THIRD VERSE.

So my heart has gone, as a rough hound wakes and speeds at the call of his mistress. So, verily, I have been tempted to go against the laws of the Poets; but how can a man put dancing tunes into his lines and rhyme into his words when the music of his brain went away with his heart?

—G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

#### SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

##### A MAGICAL CARROUSEL.

FOLD a piece of paper twice, in opposite directions, and cut out an arrow of the shape shown in the cut. Insert a needle, head downward, in a cork, and set the arrow on the needle's point, balancing, without piercing it, at the point of intersection of the two folds. Cover this apparatus with a tumbler, which has been heated before the fire or over a lamp. You may now announce that, without moving the glass, you will make the arrow revolve on its pivot, and that its point will stop before any of the spectators designated. To accomplish this, you have but to rub with a piece of flannel or other woolen material the side of the glass opposite to the person selected; the arrow will then turn round until its point is opposite the part of the glass you have rubbed. The glass being electrified by the friction, exercises an attraction on light substances. On continuing the friction all round the glass in one direction, the arrow will be seen to revolve more and more rapidly, just as would the needle of a compass if a piece of iron were moved round it.

If a paper cross, with the four parts of equal length, be substituted for the arrow, and little paper horses be attached with thread to the four extremities, the experiment can be repeated with equal success, producing a miniature carrousel that will delight the eyes of your juvenile spectators.



#### 'TIS RILEY'S HOUR.

I.  
The children's hour they call it,  
And they gather at my knee  
For a story or a poem  
Or a bit of history  
From the records of the giants,  
Or a tale of fairy lore;  
And then, when they have had it,  
Of course they ask for more—  
'Til my brain grows weary, empty,  
And I feel that they are bored  
With the oft-repeated nonsense  
From my very scanty hoard.

II.  
But the West begot a poet  
Who can touch the simpler chords,  
And stir the souls of children  
By the magic of his words.  
And they listen, earnest, eager,  
As I read the riant rhyme  
That tells a simple story  
In a "melody sublime."  
And they love those "glossy horses,"  
And "the man who worked for Pa,"  
And the wicked little rascal  
Who disobeyed his Ma.

III.  
And I know one gentle youngster  
Who says when he's a man  
He'll go and seek in person  
"At luby 'Lizbeth Ann."  
And a merry maiden often  
Has lost her smile and cried  
At the "little kiss for dolly"  
That the fretful man denied.  
And so we thank you, Riley,  
When the children's hour is passed  
And the little forms are kneeling  
Before the throne at last.

Somehow, I think, their voices  
Reach higher toward the sky  
When your songful soul has bid them  
Now to laugh and now to cry.

—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

#### A MUSICAL COMPETITION.

ONCE A WEEK offers a prize of SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the best original setting of the "Lullaby" given below, and an additional FIFTY DOLLARS for the best musical composition on any other popular theme. The lines for the "Lullaby" are taken from Mrs. Browning's poem, "Sleeping and Watching."

This offer is open to all, the only conditions governing the competition being that the compositions entered for the prizes must be original, and must never have been published before, or entered for any other competition. The awards will be made by a committee of experts, whose standing in the musical world will be a sufficient voucher for the fairness of their decision. This is a rare chance for musical students to win two valuable prizes.

In the event of none of the compositions submitted coming up to an acceptable standard, ONCE A WEEK reserves the right to withdraw the prizes offered.

This notice must be cut out and inclosed with each competition paper.

The lines of the "Lullaby" are as follows:

SLEEP on, baby, on the floor,  
Tired of all the playing;  
Sleep with smile the sweeter for  
That you dropped away in.  
On your curls' full roundness stand  
Golden lights serenely;  
One cheek pushed out by the hand  
Folds the dimple inly.  
Little head and little foot  
Heavy laid for pleasure;  
Underneath the lids, half shut,  
Slants the shining azure.  
Open soul in noonday sun,  
So you lie and slumber;  
Nothing evil having done,  
Nothing can encumber.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

# The Way to Greatness is through Enlightenment!

## STIRRING EVENTS.

WHAT is the use complaining about these things, anyhow? Governor Tillman and the opponents of the Dispensary Law in South Carolina must have their quarrel out. All we may say about it will not avail anything. It is too bad that bloodshed has resulted, and that martial law has been proclaimed, and that Governor Tillman has seen fit to lay a mailed hand upon railroads and telegraph wires. But the country at large must be content to see the South Carolina disturbance settled only after the forces of disquietude and wrong-headedness have spent themselves, leaving comparative equilibrium as the necessary result of reaction.

Coxey's army will go until it is put in jail, or until it arrives in Washington one hundred and fifty thousand strong. If it is looking for work, the genial spring that no longer lingers will furnish it, either on the chain-gang of plutocratic cities or in some one of the many combinations of capital and labor that are even now paying men every Saturday night, while the army is camping out on the arena of the Pittsburgh baseball "Pirates," or wearing out shoe leather that it may need to walk home. Coxey would not mind a word we might say, for we always talk sense; but I will bet a trifle that the whole thing will turn out to be other than a laughing matter.

That invasion of Pennsylvania by the Huns and Slavs is something awful; but those people cannot read English; so why should ONCE A WEEK tell them it is wrong to kill and to terrorize the whole community down there, and that they ought to be thankful for the liberties they enjoy? The question could not be decided in that off-hand fashion, in any case; there are usually two sides to these riotous proceedings—not in dealing with them, but in seeking their causes. Mr. H. C. Frick, whose name is in American history as one of the leading characters in the Homestead tragedy, brought those Huns and Slavs into the coke regions of Pennsylvania a few years since, where they took the places of English-speaking workmen, whose names by the thousand used to be on the subscription lists of ONCE A WEEK publications. We felt the loss caused at that time by that wholesale deportation of English-speaking miners and coke-workers. Now the whole country, including and especially Mr. Frick and his fellow-capitalists, are alarmed at the un-American methods pursued by those Huns and Slavs.

All these incidents and misphases of American life, and many others that the past week has brought out into strong relief, should be instructive rather than alarming. We cannot talk them down, nor smooth their rough edges by denunciation. They are only stages in our national development. We must pass through them. On the outer edges all round these tangled morasses of the domain of national growth are the fertile fields, the clear, untroubled streams of national greatness, upon which the sun of enlightenment gleams and glints and brings new life.

Let us not repine or complain. The germ is growing. The future is bright. The people rule. Enlightenment is spreading, not infrequently as the direct result of these bad spells of passion and heedlessness. Let us talk of something else. When ignorance awakens to new-found knowledge, and not till then, will the ideal republic be here to stay. ONCE A WEEK, instead of complaining of what is, prefers to work for the enlightenment that will abolish what some complain of but do not try to remedy.

The thoughtful American citizen finds good books for the asking at the agencies throughout the Union where ONCE A WEEK is engaged in the popular distribution of good literature. Subscribers deal with ONCE



EUGENIE GRANDET.

Specimen of illustrations used in our Premium Edition of Balzac's "The Human Comedy."



LE CIBOT AND REMONENCO.

Specimen of illustrations used in our Premium Edition of Balzac's "The Human Comedy."

A WEEK as a matter of course, and because there is pleasure and profit in it for them.

Stories of human life throughout the modern world come to them every two weeks. In these books are the antidote against discontent, the instruction by the great masters of human motives in our own day. In cloth-bound Premium volumes of standard English classics ONCE A WEEK patrons find that delight of mind and heart that comes from no other human agency. In ONCE A WEEK illustrated newspaper they find the best thought of the day, by trained writers who believe in the future of the country.

The small sum of one dollar begins the year's pleasant round of study, reflection and entertainment. After that it is a matter of fifty cents a month, and the whole twelve months are profitably employed. On this page are shown two sample illustrations of Balzac's "Comedy of Human Life." That is one of the Premiums included in the six dollars and fifty cents' subscription. It is one of the masterpieces that will live while man is as he is. Balzac is not the only great mind that speaks to ONCE A WEEK subscribers through the Premiums. There are about twenty different sets of Premium volumes. You may choose from among Milton, Dante, Scotts, Byron, Tennyson, Irving, Carleton, Eliot, and many others whose names are printed in a neat little leaflet that we will mail to your address if you drop a postal card to us here in New York, or which you can obtain at any ONCE A WEEK Agency in the United States.

### "THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST."

It will delight all readers of ONCE A WEEK to learn that this superb romance, by the first of England's great imaginative writers, has been secured by the proprietor of this paper, at great cost, to be issued early in June as one of the Library series. People who have read the story pronounce it equal to the very best of Rider Haggard's previous works. Now, when you bear in mind that book-store editions of Haggard's novels are sold for one dollar per copy, you will probably realize what an unusual value subscribers to ONCE A WEEK receive for a little money. No other establishment in the world can deal so liberally with its patrons as can ONCE A WEEK. The intrinsic value of three months' offer to readers of ONCE A WEEK is really equal to the full amount asked for a yearly subscription for paper and Library. You get in one year fifty-two copies of the finest illustrated weekly in the country, the choice of most desirable Premiums, and twenty-six great novels. All this is now offered to renewing subscribers at their original rate of subscription.

Finally, let it be distinctly understood that you are to get the best novels by the great living authors throughout the world. Is past performance any test of the future? See the list that has been given within a year. In the United States, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. McCulloch Williams; Austria, Ossip Schubert; Germany, Jensen and Juncker; France, Theuriet, Madame Greville and Jean de La Brette; England, H. Rider Haggard. In order to keep up with the procession and get the best and newest, it will be necessary to subscribe to ONCE A WEEK and Library, with which, besides, you get a set of standard works fit for any library, and worth, in most cases, the whole subscription price.

TO RENEWING SUBSCRIBERS.—Three weeks before your subscription expires send us a postal card notifying us of your intention to Renew, or inform the Collector. The set of books will then be delivered at once. All you need to do is to continue the payment of fifty cents per month.

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## WHAT TO WEAR.

**T**he err is human. On these grounds only can I explain the wail sent up by a popular English journalist the other day to the effect that women's dress was never more hideous than it is now. On the part of my sex, I must beg to differ with him, as, on this side of the water, at least, we have any number of beautiful styles to choose from in gowns and millinery. A great point in favor of the fashions of to-day is their wonderful diversity and adaptability to all kinds of wearers. Slender and girlish figures no longer have a monopoly of the good things in Vanity Fair. The prevailing modes yield to any and every exigency, and the result in nearly every case where a correct taste guides the selection is bound to be happy.

The illustrations on this page will bear out the above assertion. Two dainty spring or early summer toilets seen at Lord & Taylor's, are shown in Nos. 1 and 2. The first is made of cotton crepon, in cunning little stripes of green and white. The bodice is of accordion-plaited crepe, all green. Hand-made cream lace and rosettes of white and green ribbon are used for trimming. The rolling collar and sash are of white crepe. The sash is knotted in front, and tied in the back

satin bodice. The cape of cream lace is mounted on a stiff net bertha. A narrow edging of black lace shows under the cream. The effect is graceful as well as striking.

Blue and white silk crepon, finely striped, is the material used in the



smart little afternoon gown shown. Over a plaited underskirt a pretty drapery is gracefully arranged to turn toward the front, and is caught up on one side with a bow of black satin ribbon, having ends that reach almost to the hem of the skirt. The bodice is composed of accordion-plaited black chiffon, held in place by long points of cream-colored guipure. The sleeves are of the blue and white silk crepon. Bretelles and rosettes of black satin ribbon complete the ornamentation of the bodice. The Directoire scarfs of silk have been



pretty nearly done to death, the newest now being worn merely in large bows without ends. But as those who have already purchased them will, no doubt, continue to wear them, let me entreat that great care will be taken to tie them properly. The right way to put one on is to take the scarf up in both hands, put

the exact centre under the chin, pass both ends round to the back of the neck, where they should be carefully crossed, brought forward again under the chin, and tied rather tightly in a crisp bow. The loops should then be pulled out and the wide ends made to look quite square and stiff. To keep them well in place pin them to the collar-band, to right and left, as otherwise they would drop downward with a limp, unhappy effect.

There is a rank luxuriance of pretty hats in the milliners' show-rooms. It makes one quite greedy to see so many at once. In rapidly running my eye over a collection of them the other day, I speedily selected about eight which I would straightway have ordered for my own special adornment if it had not been for the tiresome reason that the wherewithal of purchase was plentifully lacking.

A good plan for the impecunious to go upon is to buy a simple little hat early in the season, which can be made to do common duty later, and wait until the warm weather comes to select a more ambitious head-gear. The sweet little toque shown

in the cut is eminently suitable for early spring wear. It is of fancy chip, in black or brown, and trimmed with ribbon bows of any shade preferred. There are a few black silk roses on the brim.

The Marie Stuart bonnet was pretty in gold-colored straw, trimmed with a wide bow at the back with a rosebud falling over the hair, and in the front—which was of French jet—a handsome aigrette. The third is a picture hat in fancy straw, having long, drooping plumes and an osprey, with moiré ribbon and flowers



set under the brim. Hats will be worn both large and small, the latter being useful for morning wear, shopping and traveling; the former for walking, visiting and driving.

A word before I close about this new long tea-tray, which I rather fancy and think you may, too. It is quaint and pretty. I call it a tea-tray, but it is used



just as much for serving black coffee after luncheon or dinner. Some women have a passion for having all the things they own of an uncommon cut or shape. To such, this new style of tray will, no doubt, be highly acceptable.

*Gwendolen Gay.*

## NEW COOKERY.

BY "A BLUE APRON."

**CALF'S HEART, ROASTED.**—Clean and soak the heart in slightly warm water for an hour, and let the water run from it by placing it upside down, the broad end upward. Make the following stuffing: A breakfast-cupful of bread crumbs, mixed with a large teaspoonful of minced parsley and a teaspoonful of minced lemon thyme, or a very little grated lemon peel. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, then add one or two tablespoonfuls of melted bacon fat—see that all is well mixed: do not use suet or eggs—and stuff the heart with this mixture. Spread an ounce of butter over a sheet of foolscap paper, tie this over the top of the heart where the stuffing is put in, and roll the heart in the remainder of the paper. Roast for an hour and a half, then take off the paper, rub a little butter tied in a bit of muslin over the heart, flour it well, and let it quickly brown. Serve the heart in good gravy, in which is a tablespoonful of good mushroom ketchup, or a gravy made of two teaspoonfuls of flour, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, half a teaspoonful of sugar, a grate of nutmeg—no water.

**COLCANNON** is made from equal quantities of greens and potatoes. Those left over from dinner may be used. Press the water from the greens (there should not be any, but there often is). Chop them fine, and mash them and the potatoes separately with the back of a spoon. Then well mix the two with an ounce of butter, melted. Add salt to taste, and put the mixture into a well-buttered basin, large enough to hold it in a compact ball. Place in the oven for twenty minutes, not covered; then turn carefully out on a dish and serve hot.

**INDIAN VERMICELLI.**—Boil half a pound of vermicelli in one pint of milk, add sugar to taste, with one tablespoonful of desiccated cocoanut (ground or dried). When boiled and a little cool, pour it into a glass dish. Garnish with blanched and fried pistachio nuts and fried Sultana raisins, reserving some raw chopped pistachio nut to sprinkle over the top.

## HINTS FOR DECORATION.

A PRETTY fashion for this time of year is to display bulbs in blossom in old china; the dainty fresh blossoms of tulips, daffodils and crocus never look better than in an old china bowl full of fresh moss. Charming combinations of color may be arranged in this way, introducing into one's rooms not only rich and pleasing tints, but a delightful fragrance. To produce this effect successfully, take the bulbs carefully out of the soil, leaving a little round the roots just as the flowers are opening. Line the bowl with moss, insert the bulbs thickly, and pack wet moss in between their stems. Reserve a covering of fresh bright green moss for the top.

Crocuses of different colors, striped white, mauve, golden brown and pure white, may be grouped effectively, and a fringe of snowdrops added for an edge. Tulips, too, are lovely, and may be had, single or double, in many lovely shades of carmine, cream, purple and yellow. Dwarf hyacinths, pale pink and white, are as dainty and fragrant as one might wish. Daffodils, jonquils and many other sweet flowers of spring lend themselves happily to this arrangement. Bowls thus decorated will beautify any room, however dull or dingy. To be seen to advantage they should be placed by themselves, and not crowded in among china ornaments or other gimcracks.

In general, it is well to remember that one handsome ornament on a shelf, bracket or table is far more effective than half-a-dozen trifling ones. It is a common fault with housekeepers to overload their rooms with bric-a-brac. The result is that a visitor carries away a confused notion of what he has seen, from which he can derive no definite pleasure. Far better that his attention should have been drawn to one beautiful object, which he will remember as an index of your taste, than go away with a vague impression that you had "lots" of pretty things, just like the pretty things one might see in any other house.

## QUESTIONS: OUT-OF-DATE AND UP-TO-DATE.

## OUT-OF-DATE.

1. Does your wife approve of your smoking?
2. Does your wife take an interest in your politics?
3. Do you consult your wife on important matters?
4. Does your wife ever dine out without you?
5. What does your wife say to your going to music-halls?
6. Does your wife sit up for you?
7. Are you careful what you say before your family?
8. Do you think it your duty to go to church with the children?
9. Do you like the ladies of your family to read everything you read?
10. Are you a kind husband and father?
11. Is the further progress of women desirable?
12. If so, in what direction?
13. Do you contemplate the prospect with equanimity?
14. Would you give women votes?
15. And would a vote give any real power to them?

## UP-TO-DATE.

1. Do you approve of your wife smoking?
2. Do you take an interest in your wife's politics?
3. Does your wife consult you on any matters?
4. Do you ever dine out with your wife?
5. What do you say to your daughters going to music-halls?
6. Do you sit up for your daughters?
7. Is your family careful what it says before you?
8. Can the children reconcile it with their consciences to go to church with you?
9. Would you like to read everything the ladies of your family write?
10. Are you a kindly-treated husband and father?
11. Is the further progress of women possible?
12. If so, to what extent?
13. Does it make any difference how you contemplate the prospect?
14. What chance have you of keeping your own?
15. Does it give any real power to you?

## PROMPT RELIEF

For biliousness, diarrhoea, nausea, and dizziness, take

## Ayer's Pills

the best family medicine, purely vegetable, Every Dose Effective



THE ONLY PERFECT Substitute for Mother's Milk.

Gentlemen:—I have been troubled with dyspepsia for some years. I have been using Mellin's Food for some time, and find it very nourishing; being forced to live entirely on liquids, Mellin's Food is just exactly what I need. Yours truly, JAMES F. BEATTIE.

We have a boy 9 months old who has been taking Mellin's Food for 8 months; he is healthy and happy. Mrs. McCARD.


SEND for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed Free to any address.

Doliver-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

# HEADACHE,

BRAIN FATIGUE AND EXHAUSTION, USE **Bromo-Seltzer.**  
 TRIAL BOTTLE, 10 CENTS.

THE design here presented is an effective border in crochet lace for a square tea-cloth of white damask. *Materials*—Boar's Head cotton, No. 16 or No. 20; or brown Maltese cotton, No. 10, and a steel hook. The work is done in separate pieces, each consisting of an oval and a large loop or arch which opens one side.



A NEW MODE OF FASTENING A COLLAR BAND.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

THE Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Limited, leaving New York 9.00 A.M., and the fast Express, leaving at 6.00 P.M. daily, (Sundays 7.30 P.M.), for Cincinnati and St. Louis, are now equipped with a complete Dining Car service, built expressly for these trains by the Pullman Company. Pullman Dining Cars are also attached to Royal Blue Line trains leaving New York 9.00 and 11.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M. for Baltimore and Washington.

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THE *Pull Mall Budget* says "libel is the easiest thing in the world. You can stab a man with a comma, crack his skull with a note of exclamation, and blow him up with an asterisk as with a bomb. So the proprietors of 'Whitaker's Almanack' have found to their cost. They dropped a mild, innocent-looking asterisk against the name of an Australian bank, thereby confusing the quick and the dead, with the result that they were involved in costly legal proceedings, and had to cancel several thousand copies of the 'Almanack.' The proprietors will be careful not to run this risk—the asterisk—next year.

A POETICALLY inclined editor thus remarks on the present situation: "Sing a song of nickels, pockets full of trash, over head and ears in debt, out of ready cash. Heaps of flying collectors, busy as can be, ain't we had a busy time in 1893? Grover in the White House playing with the kids, Carlisle in the Treasury cancelling silver bids. Congress trying all they can to make us still more poor, ain't we got a bright outlook for 1894?"

In an article on the heroines of Balzac's "Human Comedy," Junius Henri Brown observes that "men are continually declaring that women are never so happy as when sacrificing themselves for somebody. This may be the fact; if it be, men surely make a constant effort to secure their happiness in that way, if no other."

PADEREWSKI is said to be addicted to billiards, believing it to be the very best thing for mental rest. Picaroon thinks the artist ought to be an excellent pool-player, as he is so phenomenally successful in reaching the pockets.

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In recognition of the pre-eminent skill of the chief consulting physician of this Institute, W. H. Parker, M.D., the Board of Officers of the National Medical Association, on Jan. 1, 1876, conferred upon him his gold and silver medal, accompanied by a series of flattering resolutions for the prize essay ("The Balance of Life or Self Preservation") on nervous maladies. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence, not only by the Boston press, but by all leading journals throughout the country.

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 Little Johnny—"Her part was rotten."

A CERTAIN clergyman—the Rev. Paul—on resigning his church, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of his congregation. His text was: "And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him."

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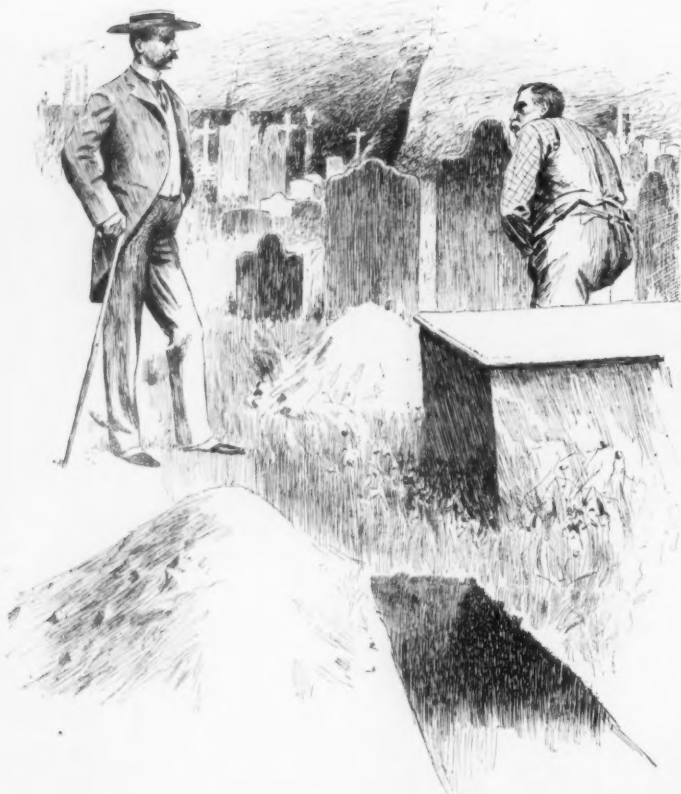
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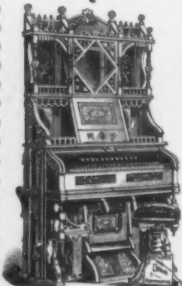


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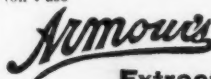
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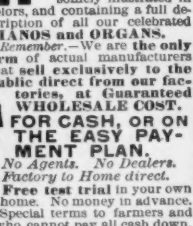
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